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Forty Modern Fables

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Modern Fables

By

George Ade

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New York
R. H. Russell

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The Fable of The Undecided Brunette & The Two Candidates

A DARK-EYED Maiden was being Rushed by a Cheap Man and a Provider. They took Turn About in coming up to the House. She was a Child Wonder when it came to spreading her Dates so that one Gentleman would not cross another's Beat. Each of the Applicants was led to believe that he was the Only One for whom all the Lights were turned on. He thought that when he failed to Show Up, she was in her own Room, looking at his Picture and Feeling Blue.

The girl did what she could to foster these

Delusions. She wanted to hold as many Options as possible, so as to have her Pick.

The Cheap Man had his Good Points. He was House Broke and could play Chords on the Piano. But from eight to five every day he was a Shylock. When he was in a Crowd he never did anything Rash that involved the use of Money. He saved a little more than his Salary every Week, and was pointed out as a Comer in the Business World. It hurt him to Let Go.

When he wanted to give the Brunette a Frolic, he would get a Book out of the Public Library and take it up to the House and read it to her. Once he put her on the Car and gave her a jolly Ride down to the Second Baptist Church to hear a Free Lecture on the Holy Land. At Christmas Time he sent the Dark Girl a Square Card with a Snow Scene, a Clump of Fir Trees and a

Frozen Water-Wheel. When they went out to a Party, he always remarked that it seemed to be a Pleasant Evening and they might as well Hoof it.

The Provider was just the other Way. He was for Buying. The Queen received her Violets every Day or two, even though he had to Catch Even by lunching on Buttermilk and Sinkers. She got what she wanted and he took his Chances on standing off the Wolf at the Door.

He took her to a Theater and they had Parquette Seats on the Aisle. After the Performance the Colored Man would call out their Carriage Number and there would dash up a Team of Prancing Bays. The Provider would hand her into the glittering Vehicle with the graceful Flourish of a Sir Roger de Coverley. The Door would slam and away they would Clatter, with all the Awed Spec-

tators wondering which one of the Vanderbilt Boys that was.

After he got back to his $2.75 Room and put the Dress Clothes where the Moths could not get at them, he would do some calculating on the back of an Envelope, and discover that he had Burned Up just One Week's Salary between 7.45 and 11.15.

Then he would wish that a white-haired Old Lady with a Safety Deposit Vault full of Securities might come along and Adopt him and put him in a white and gold Suite with a Pianola and a Man-Servant.

The Provider was a Financial Feather-Weight, but he was Game as a Pebble. He worked on the Principle that a Man can Afford anything he can Get. He allowed himself nearly everything that the Rich Folks have, except Money.

He would invite the Brunette to Luncheon

with him. When he was by himself he called it Lunch. That "eon" on the end usually makes a difference of about $4.85 in the Check.

They would repair to a Café with a Fountain playing in the center of the Room. Every time she pointed her Finger at another Item on the Carte du Jour, it put a Sickening Crimp in his Visible Assets and moved him about three Notches nearer to Hard Pan, but he never twitched a Muscle. He would push a Half over toward the Waiter as if it annoyed him to see Money lying around.

He would walk out as light as a Toy Balloon and put her in a Cab and send her Home, and then he would be down to his Gloves and a Bunch of Keys.

The Brunette was Up a Stump when it came to making a Choice. It seemed to be

another instance of Horse and Horse. She knew that the Cheap Man would own Bank Stock and Corner Lots when the Provider would be living on Snow Balls, and yet she could not bring herself to lean up against a Stingy Old Thing who never Unbuckled. As for the Provider, he was the Kindest Friend she knew and a Good Thing while he lasted, but she knew that he could not Last farther than from here to the Corner. She guessed that if she went ahead and married the Provider, he would give her everything he Owned, but he never would Own more than you could put in a Steamer Trunk.

The Cheap Man, on the other hand, would have a Neat Balance and a Strong Rating, but it would require the use of an Anæsthetic to get a Tailor-Made Suit out of him.

While in this Quandary, she consulted her Aunt Em, who was two kinds of a Widow,

Grass and Sod. She had buried one Husband and come out in Black. She had tied a Can to No. 2 and come out in Bright Colors.

Aunt Em asked a number of Leading Questions in regard to the Qualifications of the two Suitors, and then she said: "My Dear Niece, this is a Tall Problem for a 20-year-old Girl to close in on, but you are entitled to a lot of Credit for holding back and studying your Cards. A Lass who was short on Foresight would have chosen the Provider, in the foolish Belief that she would continue to get the Violets and Broiled Birds all the rest of her Life. A Mercenary Maiden might have grabbed at the chance to be Mrs. Cheap Man, but you are Dead Wise in your Theory that one who is a Parsimonious Papa during Courtship will prove to be a Close Proposition as a Husband. The Man who will not Loosen Up under the Melting Influence

of True Love is a born Gaspard. Truly it is not what Hubby has but what he Hands Out, that helps one to Endure him as a Necessary Evil. If you marry the Cheap Man, it is true that you stand a Show of getting the whole Estate sooner or later, but this is an Outside Chance, because the Cheap Man usually adopts a Diet of Prunes, Graham Bread, Vegetable Soup and plain Spuds, and he will be here a long time. The World is full of women whose Husbands are so far ahead of the Game that they can make fat Loans on Improved Real Estate, and yet each of these Wives is wearing Last Year's Hat, with the Wing moved over on the Other Side. If she whispered Automobile to old Ready Money, he would throw a Double Arab. If you are going to start in to do a 40-year Stunt as Housekeeper to some Human Savings Bank, you had better put the Bargain on a Business Basis to start

with. Go before a Lawyer and have him frame up an Iron-Clad Contract. Then you will get your little old Six every Saturday Night. Otherwise you will have to Coax it out of him and get about 75 Cents per Throw. As between the Generous Young Fellow who is Flat and the Moneyed Man who never Comes Up, it is about Six of one and Half a Dozen of the other. I think you are tied up with a couple of Frosty Ones. Auntie's Advice would be to pull down the Blinds and pay a Visit to some other Town where the New Girl is a pleasing Novelty. There permit your Affections to Center on some Tractable Person who is neither a Prospective Pauper nor a close-fisted Clam."

The Brunette caught the Wisdom of the Suggestion and took a little Jaunt to Cleveland where she fell desperately in Love with a General Manager of Set Habits and a calm,

untheatrical Generosity. They came to an Understanding and lived happily ever afterward.

MORAL: *It is Necessary to make a few Pur chases both before and after Marriage.*

The Fable of The Boston Biologist & The Native with the Blue Hardware

OWN in the Ague Belt there was a town called Miasma. It needed Paint, Sidewalks, Tooth-Brushes and Bibles.

Everybody in Miasma believed that the Sun rose just in the edge of Widow Clevison's Hog Lot and set over on yon side of the Sand Ridge. While the Residents were Standing around on the warm side of the General Store so as to get shut of the Daily Chill they would feel sorry for Folks who had to put up with Brooklyn and Old Point Comfort.

Now it happened that a Boston Biologist

had been in those Parts collecting Amphibious Fauna. The Natives called them Varmints and Sarpentile Insects.

One Day the Biologist sat on a long-waisted Truck at the Station Platform and waited for the Train that was to carry him to some Place where he could get Beans properly cooked. He had his Satchel between his Legs and was reading the Numbers on the Freight Cars in order to entertain himself.

Presently a Native appeared and walked back and forth in front of the Boston Man. The Native had a Saffron Complexion and wore high-heeled Boots. Every time he stepped there was a muffled Castanet Effect caused by the Quinine Pellets. Every one in Miasma took Quinine, except the Boston Biologist and he took Quin-een.

The Native wore on and about his Person

and somewhat exposed to View, a 48-Calibre Shooting-Iron, a Bowie Knife large enough for spading the Garden and several rows of Cartridges.

"I reckon we 've got the purest Climate and the noblest People on God's Green Footstool," remarked the Native, pausing in front of the Biologist. "Don't say different or I may have to Gallop right through you."

"Life is very sweet to me," said the Boston Man. "I am just getting my Golf Score below 120. So I will not Contradict you. Only, I would like to ask."

"Come on with it," said the Native.

"I would like to ask, who held you while they strapped all those Chatelaine Effects on you?"

"I wear these Weepins in order to protect my Honor," replied Mr. Janders, for such was his name.

"Your Honor must be hard pushed if you have to tote such an Extensive Kit with which to defend it," observed the Boston Man.

"Well, I've got a Reputation that reaches up and down the Road," said Mr. Janders. "I've never been Curried below the Knees. I'm Long and Woolly. I've got seven or eight Fiery Nostrils and holes bored for more. I'm Pizen Ivy and can't be handled. I hate to talk about myself, but I must say I'm a Brave Little Man."

At that Moment the Train pulled in and the Boston Biologist hurried aboard, resuming the Conversation as he leaned out from the open Window of the Car.

"You say you are a Brave Man?" he asked.

"You heerd me," replied the Native, picking his Teeth with the Bowie.

"What is your Definition of a Brave Man?" asked the Biologist.

"A Brave Man is one who is not afeerd to Die," answered Mr. Janders.

"Therefore I judge that you are not afraid to depart from Miasma and take your Chances," said the Biologist. "How long have you lived here?"

"Twenty-seven Years," was the Reply.

The Boston Man looked across the Street at the dun-colored Hotel propped up by a comatose Livery Stable. Near at hand was a Pool of Green Water within which the Bacilli were croaking loudly. The Sky-Line was a row of red clay Hills pin-feathered with Saplings. A brackish Odor of Moonshine Whiskey tingled in the warm Air, and over the whole dejected Landscape lay a soft Pall of the real, Simon-Pure Malaria—the kind that can be put up in Tins and sent from Place to Place.

"You have lived here twenty-seven Years

and you are not afraid to Die," said the Boston Man, reflectively. "I don't blame you. If I had lived here for twenty-seven Years I would not be afraid to Die, either. In fact, I think I 'd be downright Anxious to Die."

But the crafty Biologist did not release this Body Blow until he was good and sure that the Train had started to move.

The infuriated Native had to take his chances with a moving Target, so instead of plunking the Man from Boston, he made a Wing Shot on a State Senator who was riding on a Pass.

Still, it was taking an Awful Chance.

MORAL: *Home is where the Heart is.*

The Fable of The Knowing Friend Who Tipped off Her Star Recipe

N a shady Street there dwelt two Maidens who had their Traps set and baited.

"Come on, Boys," is what it said over the Door. They were at the Age when they lived on Caramels and Excitement. All respectable Males who could talk back and who kept their Hair combed were more than welcome.

One of the Girls was a grand little Piece of Work and she had a slew of uppetty-up accomplishments but for some reason her Turnstile did not check as many Visitors as that

of her Chum across the Way. The other Girl might not have copped off many Prizes at a Beauty Contest and it had been remarked that her Piano-Playing was Fierce, and yet she caught a majority of the Callers.

One Day as the two Friends were chatting, the one who had the Looks entered a Complaint.

"Why is it," she asked, "that you continue to stand Ace High with a lot of the Boys who seem to have passed me up? I know I am counted more of a Beauty than you; my Musical Education cost twice as much and I have got you sewed up in a Sack when it comes to Correct English, yet you draw the Crowd. Where do I fall down?"

"Dearie, I hate to let any one else in on a Snap, but I suppose I must," replied her Companion. "I will admit that as a Grammarian you are a Peachamaroot, but do you

ever stop to consider the Topics that you spring on your Young Men? You sit in front of them and you tell them what a bother it is to Shop all Afternoon and what Girls you saw down town and what a Time your Mamma has been having about a Cook and how Grace said something that just made the other Girls shriek. For a whole Evening you Blat about your own Affairs. Of course, Common Politeness requires the Gentleman to throw on the Fixed Smile and pretend to Follow you, but he is Bored. No Man cares much for what she said and then what you said to her. You never can win a Home by sitting around and talking about yourself and your Girl Friends."

"And how do you manage it?" asked the other.

"Oh, I suppose I don't know a Thing about the Male Sex, do I?" asked the Popular One with a Squint. "From the Minute that any

Charley-Boy shows up at my Work-Shop, I talk about Him and nothing else. I make him tell me about his Clothes and how he has his Room fixed up. I repeat all that I ever heard any of the Girls say about him. If I can't recall a good Philopene, I vamp one. Anything to keep him Warmed Up. I throw the Lime-Light on him all Evening. He has the Center of the Stage and makes all the Hits and gets all the Flowers. I am simply present to feed him his Cues and demand Encores. Sometimes it is hard work to Boost all Evening but I seldom fail to land him. When he gets up to go at 11 o'clock, he is thrown out in front like a Russian Sleigh. Naturally, he thinks I am just about the Main Lady of the whole Works and he is back to see me again next Evening."

"But we are not Orientals," said the Good-Looker, proudly. "If there is to be any Flat-

tering or Incense-Burning, let the Men do it. I do not believe that Modern Woman should put Man on a Pedestal."

"Some Day I will single out one and marry him," said her Friend, in a confidential Whisper. "And when I do, he won't stay up on any Pedestal more than Twenty Minutes. You know me."

"I begin to Tumble," said the other, thoughtfully. "I think I can find use for your little Pointer."

MORAL: *It is better to hold back a few kinds of Conversation for those long Evenings at Home.*

The Fable of The People's Choice Who Answered the Call of Duty & Took Seltzer

HE King-Pins of a Great Party decided that the City Ticket could not be elected, so they decided to Recognize the Better Element. If it had been an air-tight certainty, the Nominations would have gone to the Boys who do the Fine Work.

In a Residence Street which had a Cast-Iron Deer in nearly every Front Yard, as a slight Concession to Art, there lived a Nice Man who was in the Garden Seed Business. He said "Whom," and wore Nose Glasses. He

never had dallied with the political Buzz-Saw, although he had Convictions on the National Issues and had written one or two Open Letters on Municipal Ownership, signed "Justitia."

By some Chance, the Bosses singled out the Garden Seed Man as the Victim for the Off Year Sacrifice. They did not like to see a Good Fellow stand in the Breach and take the Gaff right in the Wish-Bone. If any one had to be Speared, they preferred that it should be some Dead Card who wore Congress Gaiters and Throat Warmers. The Nice Man who dealt in Leeks and Early Peas, seemed to meet all the Requirements. He was due to get the Double Cross on General Principles. In speaking of him they called him The Stiff.

When they talked it over in a Wine Room, it was reported that the Garden Seed Man was suspected of being a Lily White, who

seldom stood by the Straight Ticket, that he carried a little Sack of Wintergreen Lozenges and that he never had been known to call Anybody by his First Name. So they took a Vote to see if he should be Butchered to make a Municipal Holiday. A Low Growl of Approval ran around the Table.

Two Committeemen who carried an overweight of Jowl and wore Cameos a little smaller than the Home-Plate, went up to the Garden Seed Office and told the Nice Man that the People all over Town were sick with Anxiety to know would he be their Next City Clerk.

If he had stopped to Count Up he would have known that not more than 14 Persons had ever heard of him. But you can always convince a Nice Man that he is Prominent, and if the Ointment is properly applied and rubbed in so as to get all through the System,

he will think he is real Popular, too.

The Committeemen had worked the little Ball in and out of the English Walnuts before shifting to Politics, and they could sit down beside a trusting, unsophisticated Unitarian with an Open-Work Mind and convince him that Red was Yellow.

By the time they were through Pumping it into him, he was sure that if he did not accept the Nomination, the Lights would burn Low all over the City and the Little Children would moan in their Trundle Beds. So he put on the Corrugated Brow and tried to look like Cæsar at the Lupercal. He said he would have to Knock Under to the Universal Demand. The Committeemen said they would need a little Money right away to get out some Printing. They did not say what kind of Printing, but they relieved him of enough to issue a Public Library.

His Wife and her Sister and the Man who took care of the Furnace and his other Friends heard what he was up to. They tried to get a firm Hand-Hold on his Coat-Tails and pull him out of Danger, but he knew better. He said the Populace was Calling for him. No one else heard the Call. It must have come over a Private Wire.

The Man who takes the Bit in his Teeth and starts out to try the entire 33 Degrees of Chumpery can always find plenty of Good Excuses. He said the Campaign would advertise the Garden Seeds and bring him into Touch with his Fellow-Man. Later on he got into many a Touch.

It was surprising how the Voters rallied to him. He was swamped with Pledges of Support. When he was Nominated, he thought he had a Chance. A Week later he began to make a List of the Plums to be distributed.

Three Days before Election, it had all the Ear-Marks of a Landslide. It was only a Question of Majorities. He had the Job nailed down on four Sides and then clinched underneath. It was All Over except a few faint Cries of Fraud and then being Sworn In.

He was out every Night with a lot of Bag-Punchers who showed him how to convert his Ready Money into Popularity. He was not a Stayer, so he had to take Seltzer at every Stop. He would come Home Carbonated worse than a Soda Fountain and with his Pockets full of pale, dangerous-looking Cigars that his Wife had to remove from his Clothes with a Pair of Tweezers.

Sometimes he wondered if the Other Fellow would get any Votes at all.

The whole Body of Registered Voters seemed to be falling over one another in their Mad Rush to get into Line for him.

Entire Families were flopping to his Support and working for him stronger than an Ox.

The Campaign Committee gave it to him Raw two or three times a Week. They could get him into a Back Room at Headquarters and pull down the Blinds and plug Cotton in the Key-Holes and Talk to him in a Stage Whisper. What they had to say could have been talked through a Megaphone at the Street Corner.

Once or twice he Bucked a little and said that inasmuch as 95 per cent of the Voters had Declared for him, he did not see the Necessity of Coughing so frequently. They said it was for more Printing. He never saw the Printing, but they rubbed his Shoulders for him and gave him the Hoopteree and assured him it was All Right.

As he saw his Balance melt, he was cheered by the Knowledge that he would get it back

several times over in Salary and Fees, and probably be able to turn a few Tricks on the Side.

Just before Election everybody runs around in a Circle and kicks up so much Dust that no one but a Clairvoyant can size up the Situation. Even the Garden Seed Man, who had kept his Finger on the Public Pulse, could not accurately estimate his Majorities, but he had a little Table that he had made with a Fountain Pen and a Ruler. It showed that he was merely a few Votes shy of the Unanimous. He was expecting that some one would get up and Move to make him City Clerk by Acclamation.

The Ballots were counted and the Garden Seed Man carried one Precinct in the Second Ward and two in the Seventh.

At eleven o'clock on Election Night he sat at Headquarters, whence all but him had

fled, and tried to figure out that it would require the Official Count to decide. They had to lead him Home. He did not want to face his Wife. The Other Man was 17,000 ahead and still Running.

Instead of taking it as a Joke, the same as Other People did, he got Sore on Humanity in General and joined a Third Party, that was Opposed to everything.

MORAL: *Draw your Salary before Spending it.*

The Fable of The Girl with a Handicap Who Had to Lock Up Her Parents

ERE we have a Fable regarding a Nice Girl who liked to have Young Men drop in of an Evening. She always used them the best she knew how and she might have closed a Deal early in the Game, had it not been for her Parents. They were not overly Bright, for they carried the Delusion that they could help Daughter in her efforts to jolly along the local Lotharios.

Instead of taking to the Back Rooms and giving little Jeanette full Leeway in the Parlor, they would butt into the Tête-à-Tête and

try to be Cordial with the Young Man.

Father's Idea of making himself the Life of the Party was to tell of his Experiences at the Battle of Stone River and what he said to Cap and what Cap said to him. And plenty more that never got into the Records of the War Department. Mother thought it would Help Some if she would sit over by the Gentleman Caller and refer to the two Distinguished Relatives, so that the Young Man might know that there was a Family Tree. Mother's work was very much to the Sand-Paper and Jeanette would try to Call her off.

After Father had told what he could remember about the Civil War and Mother had spread herself on the Prominence of their Connections in the East, the Young Man would move his Feet a few times and guess he would have to be going. Jeanette would follow him out to the Hallway and help him

with his Coat and tuck in his Muffler and tell him to be sure and come back soon. He would Promise, of course, but it was Dollars to Dumplings that many a Moon would Wax and Wane ere George went against that Combination once more.

Jeanette was a dutiful Child and respected her Parents, but after they had dished many a Bright Prospect she had to rise up and have her Say.

"You two would be Strong Cards in an Old People's Home," she said, "but when it comes to fixing up a Good Time for one of the Boys, you are a couple of superannuated Shines. I am only a poor, weak Maiden, with a Vocabulary of about 300 Words, and I do not belong to the G. A. R. or know much about our Family History, but if you two will go lose yourselves and let me handle all Comers alone and single-handed, I would n't

be a bit surprised if there would be Something Doing in a little while."

Although convinced that she needed their Assistance, they yielded to her Wishes. She moved the Sofa out in front of the Grate and extinguished all the Lights except a couple of blue Candles and the next time a Young Man called he didn't care if he never went home.

And there was no War Talk.

Then when she began to wear an Engagement Ring, Father and Mother had to Admit that she had been right.

MORAL: *A Good Girl doesn't need any Help.*

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The Fable of The Good Fellow Who Got the Short End of It

IVING in a Country Town there was a Boy who was Easy. When the Gang went fishing they took Him along to carry the Bait, and when they went Swimming in the Deep Hole, he had to stay on the Bank and watch their Clothes.

His Right Name was Melford Praxiteles Johnson, but he was so good-natured that everybody saluted him as Mel.

Sometimes he would go out to the Commons, where the Boys were playing Two-Old-Cat, and they would have him act as Back-

Stop and chase the Flies. Somebody had to do it, and he was so Accommodating and Friendly he did it rather than delay the Game.

All the little bull-headed boys, who threatened to take their Bats and go home unless they could have their own way, played the Star Positions.

When he was a little older he went to a Medical School, where he was promptly tossed up in a Blanket and then dropped down an Air-Shaft, because the Hazers saw that he was a Good Fellow and would not go and Squeal to the Faculty.

Mel was a Bright Student, and graduated at the Head of his Class. He won a Set of Instruments for his Thesis on the Osteology of the Supernumerary Digits, and the Dean predicted Great Things for him.

He hung out a Shingle right across the

Street from a Classmate who had finished at the Tail End, and did not know the difference between the Duodenum and the Clavicle. But this Classmate grew Whiskers and wore a Prince Albert and a Tall Hat and Glasses with a Gold Chain and Coughed into his Palm and used Latin Words, and he got the Practice.

He was a Physician and Mel was Doc.

If a Man came into Mel's Office, suffering from a Combination of Soft-Shell Crabs and Neapolitan Pudding, it would be like Mel to tell him that he had the Stomach-Ache.

Then the dissatisfied Patient would go across to see the Physician, who would tell him that he had Acute Gastritis.

Anybody would rather have Gastritis than Stomach-Ache, so the Physician had his Waiting-Room crowded all the Time.

The Public could not pin its Faith to a

Practitioner who wore a Sack Suit and kept his Hat on the Back of his Head and spoke to the Children along the Street, and never used Double-Jointed Words from the Materia Medica unless he had to.

Still Doc managed to get some Practice. If any Sufferer happened to be Broke, he went to Doc, because Doc was a Good Fellow, who could be Stood Off. Doc got all the Charity Cases and the Fake across the Street treated all the Women who had Property and Imaginary Complaints.

Shortly after Doc began to Practise, he fell in Love, but no one took it Seriously. The Girl liked Doc because he was entertaining and liberal, up to his Income, but when he Proposed, his Sense of Humor prevented him from getting down on his Knees and giving her any of this Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth Hanky-Pank.

She had the usual streak of the Romantic in her Make-Up, and she refused to consider his offhand Request. She gave herself to an opinionated Willie-Boy who was always having himself Photographed in a Dress Suit, and who came at her with a Ten-Minute Speech that he had learned from a Book on "How to Make Love," published by Munro & Co.

Then because Doc's Philosophy and his Goodness of Heart came to his Rescue and he Forgave her and did not Drink himself to Death or start for the Gold Fields with her Picture next to his Heart, nearly every one said that he had not Cared for her at all and was not capable of the Grand Passion.

After Doc had struggled along in his Profession for many Years without having any Velvet in front of him, he decided to try for a Political Appointment. Every one seemed to like him and he knew he could get Back-

ing. He thought very well of his Drag. Sure enough, when he applied for a Consulate, all the influential Moguls of the Party signed his Petition. Then they sat down and wrote Private Letters to Back-Cap him.

They told the President that he was a Good Fellow, but he lacked Dignity and Bearing. They said that he was commonly known as Mel or Doc, that he had a Reputation as a Story-Teller, that he had been a Failure in his Profession, and never accumulated any Property, that he was Careless in his Business Habits and loaned Money to any one who seemed to be in Trouble, and that, therefore, although he had been an Active Worker, possibly the Appointment ought to go to some Man who had more regard for Solemn Responsibilities.

So the Job was given to a Four-Flush who posed in Public Places and Frowned and kept

one Hand inside of his Coat and never said anything because he had Nothing to say.

Even after this final Throw-Down Doc did not become embittered or cease trying to be a Good Fellow.

One Day, however, as he was reviewing his Career, he decided that if he had it to do over again, he would be M. Praxiteles Johnson and wear the Front of Jove.

He realized that he had Erred in trying to be a Mixer. He wished that he had kept his Degree printed on all his Cards and hung an Articulated Skeleton inside of his Office Door. Also, he began to understand that it is advisable to crowd in on the Platform at every public Pow-wow and be played up as a Prominent Citizen. Furthermore, he wished that he had Dressed the same as an Undertaker.

It would have been a Hard Job to keep up

the Monumental Bluff, but then one must always pay a price for True Success.

MORAL: *Be Dignified and Serious, if possible.*

The Fable of The Husband Who Showed Up & Did the Best He Knew How

NCE there was a Wife who Entertained a great deal. She was all the time fixing up Layer Cakes, Combination Salad, Siberian Punch and Salted Almonds, even though the Bills piled up until her Husband was seldom more than two Jumps ahead of a Collector.

She was never more Happy than when she had the House full of grown-up Fairies, all talking at the same time. For two or three Days after an unusually Swell Session, she would sweep around the House in a Flowered Wrapper, stepping high and feeling that

she could give Cards and Spades to Mrs. Potter Palmer.

She always had a Gallon or more of Visiting Cards in a German Silver Tureen in the front Hallway. Any one who dropped in was sure to notice that she was on Close Terms with the Best of Them. She used to Bulletin all the Doings at her House in Red Letters a foot high, and then when the Society Reporters came to get Names and Costumes, she would let on to be Annoyed, and say it was Funny that One could not have a little Gathering without the Papers wanting to know all about it. She preferred that Nothing Whatever be said about her Reception, but if the Forward Press insisted on printing something, they might say that it was a Rip-Sizzer, and the Beautiful Hostess wore a striking Creation in Pale Mauve Satinette and a quart of Diamonds.

The Husband of this Woman had no liking for Violet Teas or afternoon Whist Orgies. When his Wife was tearing open the Street with one of her Social Events, he preferred to stay Down Town and get a little Snack rather than Face the Music. He felt more at ease with a Swiss Cheese Sandwich in a German Place than he did while partaking of Brick Ice Cream and listening to Stories about the Pastor.

He got many Raps because of his evident Desire to Duck on the Festivities. Very often his Wife would give him a Turning-Over for his Failure to Show Up. She would ask him why he could not be like Mr. So-and-So, who always helped his Wife pass the Tea, and who went from one Woman to another with neat little Compliments. The Husband replied that if he had to be the same as Mr. So-and-So in order to make himself a Parlor Favorite, he

hoped that he would continue to be merely one of the Also Rans. In his Opinion, the Husband that she had set up as a Shining Example was a feather-brained Gussie, who ought to be Drummed Out of the Community. He said he had no Use for a Married Man big enough to pull a Dray who carried a Pocket Handkerchief inside of his Cuff, and chatted about Dress Goods. If she wanted that kind of an Article around the House she had better pull the Rope and ask for a Transfer.

She came back by saying that she would just as soon see a Gentleman making himself agreeable to a Covey of Refined Ladies as see him off in a Club with a lot of Passenger Agents and Horse Breeders, pulling for Table Stakes and punishing Manhattans. Furthermore, she thought things had come to a Pretty Pass when a Husband would sneak

in the Back Way and crawl up stairs to avoid meeting his Wife's Guests. She nagged him until he decided that he would go in for her kind of Fun just to Keep Peace in the Family.

One day when the Street in front of his House was jammed with Coupés and Broughams and there was a Strip of Red Carpet trailed down the Front Stoop, just to give the Place a Tone, he came Home early and got into his Frock. This Man despised himself whenever he was in Ministerial Togs. He always was feeling for the Side Pockets. When he caught a Glimpse of himself in the Mirror, he realized that he was a Ringer for the Neat Artist who comes out in the Variety Show to play on the Sleigh Bells.

But it was up to him to please the Wife, so he got into his Long Suit and wrestled with the White Ascot, and gummed his hair

down and rubbed a little Scent on himself so as to be as Offensive as possible, and went down to Mingle. He gave every one the high-up Handshake, and said he was Awfully Glad to see her, and Beamed and Nodded and carried on as Unnatural as possible. It was a Flying Start. His Wife stood back, her eyes popping with Pleased Surprise, for a Woman always likes to Exhibit her Husband if he has been trained for the Show Ring.

This Husband was set on making a full Afternoon of it, after going to all the Trouble of changing Clothes and having his Hair cut. He was there to help Entertain the Guests if it was in him. So he slowly circulated about the Room, looking for some one who would meet him Half Way. When he spotted the Young Widow with the Coaxing Dimples and the taunting Smile, he said to himself that he could do no better, for she was the

Town Talk. So he put himself alongside of her and began to make Spicy Observations. He had heard that one is permitted a certain Latitude with Widows, and he went in for the whole 180 Degrees. Instead of telling the Widow that the Weather had been very Changeable of late, he whispered to her that every Single Man in Town was ready to Marry her at the Drop of the Hat. She hit him Twice with her Fan and began to think he was not such a Dummy after all.

He said that if only he was Foot-Loose probably he would have a little Proposition to make to her. Then he started in to tell her how Crazy she had all the Fellows he knew. She became Flushed and said it was Terrible to tell her such Things and to please go ahead.

It was a Noble Effort at Entertaining, and he did not seem to mind the Work. They

were quite Wrapped Up in each other, with the Heads about three-quarters of an inch apart, so they did not realize that all the Women in the Room were accumulating Material for a rich, succulent Piece of Gossip.

As for the Charming Hostess, who was compelled to witness the Brazen Performance for twenty minutes, she was so Red-Headed that she was splashing Tea and upsetting Lady Fingers all over the Best Table Cover. When Hubby cooed something right into the tiny Ear of the Flirtatious Widow and she gave him a saucy overhand Slap on the Elbow, the Lady of the House let out a quick Gasp, and it looked for a Moment as if she would Keel.

The Hostess had the Feminine Instinct, and she knew that the scandalous Going-On between her Husband and the shameless Widow had laid the Foundation for more or less spite-

ful Guess-Work. She was Mad enough to Scratch and Pull Hair. Not that she was Jealous. Only a little Provoked, that was all.

After all of them had gone and her Handkerchief was out and he was being Raked over the Coals, he waved his Arms in Despair.

"Didn't you want me to Report here and be Agreeable?" he demanded. "I thought I was Fine and Daisy. The Widow says she never saw me give a Flash of my True Form before to-day. I came here to put in my Best Licks at Entertaining. I think I did it, on the level, for the Widow says I am a Bad Boy, and she has promised me her Picture in a Locket."

Whereupon his Wife Shrieked and flounced over into an Arm-Chair, completely Out.

MORAL: *Only One in a Thousand ever strikes the Happy Medium.*

The Fable of The Bureau of Public Comfort & The Man in Charge

HE Druggist stood in his Place of Business surrounded by Capsules, Hot Water Bags, Perfumes and Fluid Extracts. A Man came in and said he wanted to look at the Directory. Then he asked if "Murphy" was spelled with an "f." He looked at the Hair Brushes, whistled a few bars of the "Spring Song" and went out.

A Small Boy entered and wanted to trade two empty Bottles for a Piece of Licorice Root. The Deal fell through, because the Bottles had a Name blown in the Glass.

A Woman came in and said she was waiting for a Friend. She had the Druggist bring her a Glass of Plain Water. She said she could not drink Soda Water because the Gas got up her Nose.

Another Woman came in for a Stamp. She did not have any Change with her, but was going to come in and hand him the Two Cents some time; that is, if he was Small enough to remember it.

The next who came in was a Man with hardly any Chin. He wanted a Free Sample of Liver Pills and an Almanac telling the Date of the Battle of New Orleans, when the Sun rises and sets and why the Chicken crossed the Road.

After him there came a Man who was in a Hurry and wanted to use the 'Phone. He was vexed when he learned that Skinner & Skinner did not have any Number. He asked

the Druggist why it was. The Druggist said he was sorry and would See to it before the Man came in again.

Soon after two little Girls came on a Run and helped themselves to Picture Cards. They left the Door open, and a Boy in Overalls stepped in to ask if he could hang a Lithograph in the Window. The Druggist went back into the Laboratory and got a large stone Pestle. He was just ready to beat the Life out of the Cash Register when an Elderly Gentleman came in with a Prescription.

The Druggist Stayed the Blow and chirked up quite a bit. "This is where I catch even on the Day," he said.

It was no Mirage. He had to and he did.

MORAL: *Don't Blame the Druggist.*

The Fable of Uncle Silas & The Matrimonial Game

NCLE SILAS was a County-Seat Oracle. When he backed up to the Soft Coal Stove in the Grocery Store and parted his Coat-tails and began to breathe Wisdom, every one else Sang Low. He would give the National Administration a sharp Calling Down every few Days and if the City Council ordered any Improvements that did not suit him, he spoke of the Body as a Passel of Lunkheads. He knew how to cure Stringhalt and Chilblains or make a Flax-Seed Poultice or persuade a Hen to Lay or get the Wiggle-

Tails out of Rain-Water. Uncle Silas could guess how many Hands high a Horse was and he knew what kind of Bait to use for Goggle-Eyes and that Corn ought to be Planted in the Dark of the Moon. As a Weather Prophet he was Old Lightning. Uncle Sile was just as Spry as a Sparrow and Sharp as any Steel Trap.

A good many Young Folks came and squatted at the Feet of Uncle Silas so as to get Truth in the Original Package. He never spouted more copiously than when he was holding forth to the Fledgelings. In fact, the Younger and more sappy the Listeners the more elaborate was his Discourse. Among those who came to the Free Dispensary to get the benefit of Uncle Silas' vast Experience was a certain He-Belle who had been Girling for five or six Years and was about ready to do something Desperate.

"I want your Advice," he said. "I think I

can support a Wife in the Style to which she has been accustomed, providing she has not been accustomed to very much, but before Shutting my Eyes and doing the Plunge, I thought I would get your Opinion as to the Move. Do you consider it a Wise Play?"

Uncle Silas looked at the Young Man out of the Corner of his Eye and Chortled knowingly.

"The Smooth Citizen never gives Advice on Family Matters," said the Sage. "I am ready to Gas freely on most Topics, but when it comes to a Question of committing Matrimony, that is where I begin to Back and Fill. I am like my old friend Ben Franklin who told the Inquirer that every Man sooner or later comes to the Parting of the Ways. He must choose between the broad and easy Path that leads to Single Misery and the straight and narrow Road that leads to Mar-

ried Unhappiness. As Ben expressed it, no matter which Way the poor Fellow Heads, he will be Sore, now and then, that he did not take a Chance on the other Route. Every Married Man at some time or other has a sneaking Desire to be Free, and every case-hardened Bachelor occasionally runs into a lonesome Streak when he feels that he would willingly give 10 Years of his misspent Life to have just one chubby Darling to call him 'Pop.' Matrimony is such a long Contract and has so many Ups and Downs that sometimes it seems a sure Winner to those on the Outside and again it is enveloped in a blue Fog for those who have to Put Up with it. If I get behind you and give you a hard Shove toward the Married State, you will be kept Guessing for Years as to whether I meant it as a Good Turn or was trying to Do you. Let us suppose that some Day 15 or 20

Years from now you come Home to find that the Furnace has flickered, the Cook has done the Vanishing Lady Act, two of the Children have the Scarlet Rash and the Better Half is Weeping Softly and seems to think that you are to blame for all the Tribulation. You escape to the Cellar and throw Hard Coal at yourself for a while and then suddenly you remember that it was I who advised you to Marry and Settle Down. Thereupon you hurry to a Hardware Store and you buy one of these Carpenter Pencils, that makes a wide Mark, and you go out to the Grave-Yard and write Insulting Remarks all over my white Head-Stone. And it would be just as bad if I advised you not to take the Fatal Step. The Time surely would come when you would be laid up in some Vermicelli Joint, suffering from Indigestion and Hotel Melancholy, and then you would moan something about 'Of

all Sad Words of Tongue or Pen' and say, 'Ah, I might have been cozily domiciled in a Cheery Cot, reading Ghost Stories to my own little Kiddies this very Night, if it had not been for that hoary old Fraud who steered me away from getting Married.' So you see I have an Elegant Chance to satisfy you, no matter what I tell you to do. The trouble is that we have our Off Days, whether we are Married or Single. A Man cannot get up every Morning and strike Concert Pitch the first Pull across the Strings, no matter how desirous he may be to keep in Harmony. Again, after a Man has Tied Up for a while, he begins to recall the Bright Spots in his Career as a Bachelor and he is prone to imagine that all the Unmarried Boys are having one long Crimson Jollification. On the other hand, the male Hold-Over occasionally gets a Flash of Domestic Bliss under the most

favorable Conditions, and goes back to his substitute for a Home feeling that a Bachelor Existence is a Dog's Life at the best."

"Then a Man cannot be Happy, no matter what Programme he undertakes?" asked the Young Man, in a discouraged Tone.

"Legal Ceremonies and a change of Boarding Houses do not greatly modify our Ratio," replied Uncle Silas. "You see, every Man has about so many Kicks coming, and he has to use them up, whether he is Married or Single. When we are slightly Off our Feed, we are likely to imagine that what we have n't got and can't get is the One Desirable Thing. Thus we have the diverting Picture of the Benedicts sitting around in Envy of the Bachelors, while those who are playing Lone Hands feel that they would be much better off with Partners. I could n't rig up a Policy for you that would not cause me to be disliked. I think you had

better go out and Shake Dice with yourself to find out what you want to do. But no matter what your Course may be, you want to remember that there are Cloudy Days in all Latitudes. There are Moments when we would fain jump our Environment."

"Perhaps I had better go it Blind," suggested the Bachelor.

"Most People do," said Uncle Silas. "A Leap in the Dark may land you in a Patch of Canadian Thistles or a Bed of Roses, but no matter where you Bring Up, you will get used to it."

MORAL: *Always advise a Friend to do that which you are sure he is not going to do. Then, if his Venture fails, you will receive credit for having warned him. If it succeeds, he will be happy in the Opportunity to tell you that you were Dead Wrong.*

5

The Fable of The Old Merchant, the Sleuth & The Tapioca

HIGH-PRICED Detective was sitting in his Lair, trying to look Mysterious, when there came to him a gray-muzzled old Business Man. The Latter was noted for his Probity, his Keenness and the Fact that he never Thawed. In the Commercial Agencies he was Rated AA Plus A1, which meant that he had it in Bales.

"I wish to enlist your Services," said the Great Merchant. "A Young Man who lately has come into a World of Money desires to be admitted to Partnership in our Large

Business. We are an Old and Reputable Concern, and before associating ourselves with this Stripling we wish to know all about his Character and Habits. We want you to Camp on his Trail and give us a straight Line on his Daily Life."

So the Main Detective called in a couple of Ferrets, who drew Twelve a Week, and they began to Shadow the Young Man at $8 a Day. They put on Gum Shoes and covered their Faces with black Muffs, such as are worn by the Train Robbers in a Davis and Keogh Melodrama. They peeked over Transoms and shinned up Fire Escapes and hid behind Bill-Boards, and every time the Young Man made a Move they were Next. At the end of a Week the Celebrated Detective made a Report to the Pious Patriarch who had employed him.

"I regret to tell you that the Young

Man who seeks a Connection with your Well-Known House is a Night Hawk and a Spender," said the Superintendent. "He is trying to dim the Record of Coal-Oil Johnny. He opens Cold Magnums for the Merry-Merry almost every Midnight, and he is having Diamonds set into the Teeth of Nine of the Peroxide Sisters. By the time that he lands into his Happy Clothes of an Evening he is fairly well Corned, and he sees the Dawn of Morning through a Purple Haze. In the Afternoon, when he arises, he has a Hang-Over which is made the Foundation of something very Tidy in the way of a Skate. He begins to Push the Button and absorb the tall Pick-Me-Ups. For a six o'clock Breakfast he has a few Cigarettes and some of the cold Zippy-Zip. Thus he contrives to be the Custodian of a continuous Bun and stave off the Katzenjammer, his Life resolving itself

into one long Honolulu Sunset. His Associates are a fine Bunch of Rowdy-Dows, who lean over when they Walk, and wear Lilac Gloves in the Summer Time. Their one Joy is to purchase little Hot Birds and big Johannesburg Twinklers for the Ladies depicted on the Lithos."

"My! my!" said the staid old Merchant, as he shook his silvered Head. "He must be a Lah-Lah if he can hold to that Gait. I suppose he plays the Drunken Sailor with his Money."

"I regret to say that he does," replied the Eminent Sleuth. "All the Tin-Horn Sports and Shoe-String Gamblers speak of him as their Meal Ticket. He is put against a new Brace Game every Week. He is so Soft that sometimes even the hardened Sheet-Writers feel that it is a Shame to take it away from him. But they need the Vulgar Mazume, so they lighten him."

"Is it not Sad to see a pin-headed Rake dissipating a Large Fortune built up by some one who Walked to save Car Fare?" asked the Old Gentleman. "You are sure that he has no Business Gumption?"

"No more than a Rabbit," was the Reply of the Detective. "He is a Come-On for any Bunco Game in the List. He is a Ninny. Should you give him an Interest in your Business he would show up at his Desk about once a Month, and if you handed him an Assessment he would think it was a Dividend."

"I thank you for your Report," said the Pillar of Trade. "We will admit the Young Man to a Full Partnership and urge him to put in all the Coin at his Command."

"I am surprised," said the Sleuth. "He is a horrible Light Weight."

"That is why he will be a Mark for a cool-headed Johnny Wise who lives on Cereal

Food and gets into his Pajams at 9.30 every Evening," said the Prominent Merchant with a slight Grin. "Why should all this lovely Money go to Cabmen and straw-colored Soubrettes when it might as well be Garnered by an Honored Citizen who would know how to Invest it? From what you tell me of the Rapid Youth I conclude that he would be Meat for a crafty Side Partner."

Next Day the Chorus Girls' Friend was Taken In, and eighteen Months later the steady old Partner with the Snowy Locks had him euchred down to the Clothes on his Back.

His Fortune was permanently Invested in an Old and Reliable Establishment, and he was on his Uppers for fair.

MORAL: *Any one who has the Qualifications can get in with a First-Class Firm.*

The Fable of Springfield's Fairest Flower and Lonesome Agnes Who Was Crafty

PRINGFIELD had a Girl who was being Courted by a Syndicate. She was the Girl who took First Prize at the Business Men's Carnival. When the Sunday Paper ran a whole Page of Typical Belles she had the Place of Honor.

If a Stranger from some larger Town was there on a Visit and it became necessary to Knock his Eye out and prove to him that Springfield was strictly In It, they took him up to call on Mazie. Mazie never failed to Bowl him over, for she was a Dream of Love-

liness when she got into her Glad Raiment. Mazie had large mesmeric Eyes and a Complexion that was like Chaste Marble kissed by the Rosy Flush of Dawn. She carried plenty of Brown Hair that she Built Up by putting Rats under it. When she sat very straight on the edge of the Chair, with the queenly Tilt of the Chin and the Shoulders set back Proudly and the Skirt sort of Whipped Under so as to help the General Outline, she was certainly a Pleasing Object to size up. She did not Fall Down at any Point.

Mazie had such a Rush of Men Callers that the S. R. O. Sign was out almost every Night, and when the Weather permitted she had Overflow Meetings on the Veranda.

Right across the Street from Beautiful Mazie there lived a Girl named Agnes, who was Fair to Middling, although she could not Step it Off within twenty Seconds of

Mazie's regular Gait. Sometimes when she happened to get the right Combination of Colors and wore a Veil and you did not get too Close, she was not Half Bad, but as soon as she got into the same Picture with Mazie, the Man Charmer, she was faded to a Gray Bleach.

All the plain, everyday XX Springfield Girls, designed for Family Use and not for Exhibition Purposes, used to wish that Mazie would go away somewhere and forget to come back.

The Other Girls had to Admit that Mazie was a good deal of a Tangerine, but they did not Enthuse the same as their Brothers did. You cannot expect a lot of Spirited Girls to strike a Chord in G and sing any Anthem of Praise to a Friend who is trying to make Wall Flowers of them. When some Poor Man who was off his Dip on Matchless Mazie,

the Sprite of Springfield, would start a Rhapsody to some other Girl, the Other Girl would say Yes, that Mazie was a Sweet and Lovely Girl, but when she said it she would look as if she had just tasted a Lemon.

But Agnes, who lived across the Street from the Pearl of Springfield, tried to be Cheerful and Keep her Hammer hidden, although goodness knows she had Reason to feel Put Out. It is Hard Lines for a Sociable Girl to sit around the House and practise Finger movements on the Piano and see everything Lighted Up across the Street.

Agnes felt sometimes as if she would just have to Up and Tell the Boys what a deceitful, two-faced old Thing this Mazie really was. But she knew better than to do it, for Mazie had all of them Zizzy and they would have said that Agnes was Miffed because of Mazie's Popularity.

Agnes understood that Men always show a Strong Preference for a Feather Headed Girl, if she has the Looks and a Circus Style, and particularly if all the sedate, well read, plain, intellectual Girls are trying to Close Up ahead of her, so as to throw her into a Pocket.

So long as Mazie was the Reigning Fad, and while Mazie's Front Room was the Mecca for Golf Players and Glee Club Undergraduates, Agnes sat back, a trifle Forlorn, but not so Rattled that she took any Chances of Queering her own Game.

Sometimes when there was such a Push at Mazie's Home that the Late Comers could not get up to within Rubbering Distance of the celebrated Siren of Springfield, and it was too Early to go Home, one or two of the Young Men would drift over to pay a little Attention to Agnes. Here was the chance for

Agnes to make the Mistake of her Life. But she never asked them if they had been to see Mazie first, and she never made any of these unwelcome Cracks about being Second Choice. She received them with the long Hand Clasp and the Friendly Smile, and threw herself to Entertain them, wotting well that now and then a Girl must pocket her Pride and she Laughs Best who postpones her Laughing until after the Banns have been Published.

Instead of seeking to undermine the Uncrowned Queen of Springfield and put the Skids under her, she lauded Mazie to the Skies. She asked the Boys if they did not think that Mazie was a Dashing Beauty and by far the Swellest in Town, and was it any Wonder that the whole Crowd was Dotty about her. When she talked like that, Beaux who had been getting the gleaming

Cold Shoulder from Mazie, were inclined to Demur and say that Mazie was unquestionably an Artist on the Make-Up and a Caution when it came to Coquettish Wiles, but there were Others just as Nice.

In this Town of Springfield there was a Steady Young Fellow who wrote Junior after his Name, and was Prospective Heir to an Iron Foundry. He was Foolish about Mazie for quite a Spell, but when he went up to see her and try to make it worth her Time to look him over, the Door-Bell kept ringing, and he found that instead of conducting a Courtship he was simply getting in on a Series of Mass Meetings. So he dropped out of the Competition and took to calling on Agnes, and found that he was the Whole Thing. She treated him Kindly and never disagreed with him except on one Point. Whenever he would say that Mazie was getting the

Big Head and put on too many Frills to suit him, and had been Spoiled by having so many on her Staff at one time, Agnes would stick up for her Friend, and say that she could hardly blame any Man for giving in to the Superlative Charms of One who had Julia Marlowe set back a Mile.

She kept that Talk going until he was good and tired of having Mazie dingdonged at him. One Evening he stopped her right in the middle of an Eulogium and suggested that they let up on the Mazie Topic and talk about Themselves for a while. And although she Protested, he convinced her that she was worth a Ten Acre Field full of Mazies.

So they were Married and went to Niagara Falls and came Home and still Mazie remained Single.

She was supposed to be several Notches too High Up for any One Man in Spring-

field. After getting such Job Lots of Adulation and having at least six pulsating Courtiers kneeling on her Sofa Pillows every Evening it would have been a Tame Let-Down for her to splice up with one lone Business Man and settle down to a dull Existence in some Apartment House.

So it came about that there was a General Impression in Springfield that Mazie was the Unattainable. She was a kind of Public Character to be Idolized, but not removed from the Pedestal. The discouraged Suitors fell away one by one, and married the ordinary Girls who were willing to Play Fair and not keep the Applicants dangling. Mazie took up with a new Generation and seemed to believe that she could reign Forever, the same as the Elfin Queen in the Fairy Tale.

But the Peach Crops come and go.

After a few Years Mazie's Door-Bell did

not Tinkle with its whilom frequency, and right down the Street there was a Seventeen-Year-Older who had shot up out of Short Dresses like a Willow Sprout, and it was her Picture that went into the Special Illustrated Edition as Springfield's Fairest Daughter.

Mazie saw that the Vernal Season had passed and the Harvest Time was at Hand, so she decided to chop the Philandering and pick one for Keeps. But when she began to encourage the Eligibles they took it to mean that she was prolonging the same old String Game. The Men who knew that she had turned down at least Fifty figured that there was no Possible Chance for them, so they were Leery and would not be led into Committing themselves. Besides, Mazie had been handed around by so many that she was beginning to be Graded as Second Hand, and

there was not the same keen Anxiety to capture her that there had been along about the Year of the World's Fair.

At last Accounts she was supposed to be Guessing. Agnes is doing Nicely, with a well trained Husband.

MORAL: *Cheer Up, Girls.*

The Fable of The Wise Piker Who Had the Kind of Talk That Went

NCE there was a man who wore a Six Hat and had a Head shaped like an Egg Plant. He had not found time to sit down and absorb Culture. Yet he had to go out and meet the high Mansard Foreheads. Sometimes he found himself in the Front Room where every one was expected to discuss Literature, Art, Music and the Difficulty of getting good Kitchen Help.

This Man was a Pin-Head in a good many Respects, but he was Wise as a Serpent.

This Man was what Edmund Clarence

Stedman would call a Piker. A Piker is one who gets into the Game on Small Capital and Lets On to be holding back a huge Reserve. A Piker is usually Safe when he sagatiates among the Well-Bred because they are too Polite to call a Bluff.

A Piker always has his entire Stock of Goods in the Show Window.

When it came to Music, the Piker did not know the difference between a Fugue and a Cantata. Such knowledge of Literature as he could boast was picked up by reading the Posters in front of Book-Stores. The average Katy-Did had about as much Art Education as he could have Spread had it come to a Show-Down. He had as much Business in an Assemblage of cultivated Chautauquans as a man with a ragged $2.00 Bill would have in Wall Street. Yet he managed to cut Figure Eights over the Thin Ice and he had the name

of being one of the Brainiest Gentlemen that ever accepted an Invitation to the Evening Session of the Olympian Circle of Hens.

The Piker knew the Value of the Stock Phrase. And the way he could raise a Dust and dodge out of a Tight Place was a little Bit of All Right.

One evening the Piker went to call on Mrs. Hester Kazam, author of many unpublished Poems, and the boss Diana of the Tuft-Hunters. At the Kazam Home, which is rigged up with Red Blankets and Green Lamps so as to be Oriental, he bumped into Henrietta Hunter Haw, who will be remembered as the Young Lady who poured at the Afternoon Reception to F. Hopkinson Smith.

Miss Haw reclined at half length in the Turkish Corner and asked the Piker what he thought of Sienkiewicz. The Piker knew that he had heard that name sprung somewhere

before, but if he had tried to Pronounce it, he would have gone to the Floor. He didn't know whether Sienkiewicz was the author of "Lovers Once but Strangers Now" or "The Gentleman from Arkansaw." However, he was not to be Feazed. He knew the kind of Conversational Parsley that is needed to Garnish a full-blown Intellectual Vacuum, and he passed some of it to Henrietta.

He said he liked Sienk, so far as the Psychological Analysis was concerned, but it sometimes occurred to him that there was a lack of Insight and Broad Artistic Grasp.

That is the Style of Vapor calculated to keep a Young Woman anchored right in the Turkish Corner and make her believe she has met the Really and Truly Gazip.

The Piker unreeled a little more of the same kind. He said that the Elaboration of Incident showed a certain Modicum of Skill,

but there was not enough Plus-Human Sympathy in the Coloring of the Subtle Motives. When the Piker got rid of this he was always Relieved, for it is an Awful Thing to Memorize and carry around with you.

Afterward Miss Haw went out and told her Girl Friends that the Piker was Terrible Deep.

When they brought up Music, that was where the Piker lived. He could get in early and stay late and never Trip himself up. He had attended a couple of Concerts and at one time boarded with a Lady who played the Autoharp.

One Evening when he was out with a few People who were such Thorough Musicians that they seemed Sour about something all the time, a Tall Man with a Low Collar asked him if he had heard that latest Thing by Tschaikowsky.

If he had made it Charles K. Harris, the Piker might have been with him. But he never turned a Hair.

"Impressive, isn't it?" he said, having learned how to Spar for Wind, without leaving an Opening.

"Yes, but it didn't get into me the way Vogner does," replied the Tall Party.

This was the Cue for the Piker to insert his Speech on Vogner.

He said he preferred Vogner any day in the Week on account of the distinct Appeal to the Intellectual Side and the Atmosphere of Mysticism, whatever that was. He said he couldn't listen to Vogner without going into a Cold Sweat and Chewing the Buttons off his Gloves, particularly if the Interpretation was made with a Broad and Comprehensive Virtuosity and such Mastery of Technique as to abolish all suggestion of the Intermediary

and bring one into direct Communion with the Soul-Moods.

Then the Tall Man would know just as much about it as the Piker did.

Among the Acquaintances was a Lady named Wigley, who was Crazy about Art. In her Parlor she had one of her own Works entitled "Sunset on the Little Miami River," with a Frame that cost $26.00. It was Miss Wigley who read the Paper before the Raphael Suburbanites, setting forth that the Highest Effects could not be obtained by the Use of Crayon. She loved to hear the Piker cut loose about Art. Even when he got in over his Head, she was right there swimming along after him and never missing a Stroke.

Mrs. Wigley was stuck on his Conversation because he said so many things that could be Thought About later on. Nearly every one

who heard him went Home and Thought about what he had said and Wondered what he had been Driving at.

Mrs. Wigley had a Theory that an Artist who is any Good at all should be able to suggest through the Medium of Colors all that he or she felt and suffered during the Throes of Execution. So she called in the Piker to size up her Picture of the Little Miami River at Sundown and asked him what Emotion, if any, was stirred up within him as he gazed at the Effort. The Piker said it gave him a touch of Sadness. Then she knew he was a real Critic all right.

The Piker kept it up until after a while he began to think that possibly he was something of a Sassy Savant.

He was elected Director of a Museum and was invited to sit on the Platform at Lectures. And at last he departed this Life, with

only a few Relatives and Intimate Friends being on to him.

MORAL: *For Parlor Use the Vague Generality is a Life-Saver.*

The Fable of The Two Wives Who Talked about Their Husbands

A CERTAIN Mrs. A. had a Way of reading the Riot Act to the Other Half of the Domestic Sketch. She was constantly rebuking him for making Bad Breaks. When he bought Striped Shirts of the Georgia Minstrel Pattern she told him that he had the Sartorial Instincts of a Crap-Shooter. She asked him why he wore his Hat on one side of his Head, just like a Common Rough. She toasted him on both sides.

It seemed to him that he had made more Errors and fewer Hits than any Player in

the Matrimonial League. His Percentage was about .023.

But this same Mrs. A., when she talked to her Friends, said that although Will might be Thoughtless now and then, the same as all Men, he had a Heart too Big for his Body and one of the Sweetest Natures that ever came down the Pike. She said that if other Men were as reliable as her Will there would be no demand for Private Detective Agencies. She said that Will had a Disposition that it was a Comfort to tie to, and it was a Great Blessing for any Woman with Nerves to be anchored to a Steady Man who never flew off the Handle. She said that she was glad of the Chance to play Clinging Vine to his Sturdy Oak, and she did n't care who knew it. When Mrs. A. fell to Cracking Up her Husband she talked like a Press Agent.

Mrs. B. was Different. When she and the

Wage-Earner were by themselves she would Fondle him and make him Declare that he still Loved her, whether it came Natural or not. She would hold him by the Hand and call him her Handsome Boy.

An Hour later, while talking Confidentially with a roomful of Women, she would say that she had a Secret Sorrow. She said her Husband lacked Soul and Feeling and Imagination, and a few other Items.

Her Wings and His Wings were not Mates. When she wanted to Soar in the Rarefied Realm of Sentiment and cut Didoes among the Clouds, he would haul her back to the Ploughed Ground by some Allusion to Collar Buttons.

Although she had tried to grow Pinions on him and encourage him to do her kind of Swoops, he preferred to be of the Earth Earthy. Consequently her Life was as Empty

as a Bass Drum. In attempting to get an Affinity she had made a Miscue and was up against it.

Under the Circumstances, she would have to make the best of a Bad Bargain and hide her Grief from the World, unless some one should ask her about it.

It came about that one Evening Mr. and Mrs. A. went to call on Mr. and Mrs. B. The two Men were in B.'s Room, silently inspecting some Old Bindings, when Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. came into the Room adjoining and began to compare Husbands, little recking that the Men could eavesdrop.

When A. heard Mrs. A. catalogue his Virtues and say that he was One in a Thousand, he was surprised but Pleased. When B. heard Mrs. B. say that she was condemned to a mere Existence with a Sordid Money-Grubber, he also was Surprised but not pleased.

The two Men walked softly out of the Room and went for their Hats.

"My Wife is stuck on me after all," said A. "In a Case of this Kind there is only One Thing to be done. Come with me to the Club and I will open a Keg of Nails."

"I am with you," said B., very gloomily. "I must Drown my Sorrow."

So they went on a Toot of the High-Lonesome Variety.

MORAL: *Anything for an Excuse.*

The Fable of The Open Champion The Veranda Fixture and the Once-a-Weeker from Town

HE so-called Guests at a Summer Hotel put in most of their time changing Clothes and inquiring for Mail. Grand View was the Name of the Hotel because, by climbing to the Roof, you could see the County Seat.

On the Table could be found everything that the City Market had afforded three days previously.

The Princess who waited on the Table had agreed to bring Food from the Kitchen, but she had not agreed to meet any of the Guests,

socially, as it were, so every one had to be Careful.

The Manager had arranged for the Mosquitoes to keep away, but the Mosquitoes broke the Contract.

Still, the Hotel was not altogether a Polish. The Stationery was Great. For Six Days in the Week there was a Man-Famine. To be sure, there was a Clerk with a Shirt Waist who worked along the Verandas and chatted about the Weather so as to keep People from discussing the Table and the Service. After he had conversed for about 15 Minutes he would burn low and threaten to go out.

But on Saturday when the Bus came up from the Station loaded down with the Boys who were expected to sign the Checks—Oh, then there was Joy indeed! Everybody was glad to welcome the Bread-Winners. Each would have on her most scrumptious Toggery

and the Turquoise Brooch, and she would have out her little four-inch Lace Handkerchief, all ready to wave at Him. All the Married Couples would Clinch at the Hotel Steps, and those who did n't have the Right would postpone it for a while.

Among the Men who came out on the Saturday Special was a Bachelor named Albert. Albert knew two Girls at the Hotel, and he did n't care who saw him with either one. Albert was Susceptible. He had a Cool Head for Business and in his calmer Moments he would decide to scratch Matrimony until he could show a Hundred Thousand. But when he was up at Grand View and found himself in a secluded corner of the Veranda with either Susie or Grace and the Crescent Moon would be playing Hide-and-Seek among the Oak Branches and somebody out in a Row-Boat plunking a Mandolin and the Night Bird call-

ing to a Companion that had broken the Date —then Albert would get Reckless and not care what became of him.

Susie and Grace were not alike in any Particular.

Susie was ever so Athletic. She went around bare-headed all Summer so as to get a Coat of Tan. Usually she had her Sleeves rolled up to display a Fore-Arm that reminded one of Terry McGovern. She wore a Short Skirt and flat-bottomed Shoes. It was a positive Pleasure to see her bounce up into the Air and lam a Tennis Ball. She was a dandy Whip and she had won a Cup over an 18-hole Course. Susie could take care of herself at any Point along the Road. If any one had told her she was a Weaker Vessel, she would n't have believed it.

Grace was quite the Antithesis. She was a reposeful Creature who kept out of the Sun

and wore filmy white Materials. She usually had herself squidged up to about 21 inches, with the Straight Line in front, the same as you see on the Fashion Page. She wore French Heels all Summer, and whenever she saw a Cow she squealed and caught hold of the nearest Man.

Grace once tried to hit a Golf Ball because it seemed to be the Thing. She pecked at it a couple of times and sent it about 18 inches, and then she felt something Give and returned to the Veranda.

Every time she ventured out she wore a three-foot Hat covered with Battenberg and carried a Parasol so as to protect the Complexion. She never was keen for Physical Culture, but preferred to get herself tucked in just right and then sit and read something by Booth Tarkington. She had a slow, languorous Walk, leaning forward from the Hips. If you

did n't know, you might think she had Casters under her. The other Girls rapped her for being Affected, but then she was n't doing it for their Benefit. When she executed the Glide into the Dining Room, the Men would tell one another to Pipe the Tall One with the Poor Shape.

As already intimated, these were the two that had Albert on the Guessing Block. It kept him busy looking after both, but he knew the advantages of a healthy Competition. A Girl always throws herself rather more earnestly if she thinks some other Maiden is trying to sew Buttons on her. So Albert had a lot of Attention paid to him every time he came out.

As the Summer Weeks slipped by, it became evident that Grace's Work on the Veranda was more effective than Susie's violent Efforts in the Field. One Saturday Night Al-

bert brought out a Ring and forced Grace to wear it. Next Day there was an awful Buzzing. A Majority of the Wise Ones had picked Susie as the logical First Choice.

It happened that an Intimate Friend asked Albert if he had not got Twisted and given the Ring to the wrong one.

"It is generally conceded," said the Friend, "that Susie is the most Superior Thing that puts up at and with the Hotel."

"Superior is the Word," responded Albert. "As a Type of the New Kind she is the Best Ever, and that is why I can't keep up with her. Think of a large Man who wants to retain his Self-Respect going out on the Links and getting waxed good and hard by a Child just budding into Womanhood. She can hit the Ball right in the Eye every Clip and send it to the Green in about 2, while I worry it off into the Bunch Grass and beat it until it

looks as if some one had been chewing it. For six Days in the week and 52 Weeks in the Year I get round-shouldered talking through a 'Phone and hanging over a Desk. When I do put on my Flannels and rush to the Country, I am not prepared to enter the Lists with the seasoned Lady Champion. Naturally, I do not care to get alongside of her and invite Comparison. However, I wish to say that Susie is a Swell Girl and he who Marries her will always Respect her. If he does n't, he had better take to the Fire-Escape. The Trouble is that when Susie and I are together, I am with her and not she with me. She takes me to Places. As soon as I realized that I was a Candidate for Satchel-Carrier I began to slow up on Susie.

"Now, Grace is different. She clings to you and wants Advice. It 's all up to you. You don't have to lean back and look up at her.

She doesn't pity you because you Foozle or take you in Hand as if you were a Boy. I have a Feeling that if I married Susie I would be put into the Nine-Hole and kept there forever. I am proud to know such a Woman, and every time she plays a Match I will be on hand to Pull for her, but when it comes to the Practice of Stuckology on the dim Veranda and then a Clasp of the yielding form, I pass up the Party with the Iron Muscles. When a Lady is trained so hard that the Form refuses to Yield, what's the use? There's nothing to it. Then there is always the horrible Fear that if you do anything to Vex her, she may pick you up and throw you into a Rose Bush. It's pretty hard to love a Woman and be afraid of her at the same time. No dainty Sandow for little Albert, the Office Slave! For me the simple, sinuous, old-fashioned Variety."

So he married Grace and Susie married a little Chap who wore Specs. He is now acting as Caddie for her.

MORAL: *The Gymnasium Girl does not always have the strongest Pull.*

The Fable of The Cousin from Down East Who Had His Pick of the Village Lilacs

HERE was once a woman with a Mayflower Ancestry who had a wonderful Cousin named Adelbert. This Woman used to keep Adelbert's Photo propped up on the Baby Grand and she touted him strong to all the Girls. The Cousin never had been out to this Town, but his Paper was up and the Female Relative had done a lot of Advance Work.

Adelbert was almost as Sweet and Manly as an Anthony Hope Hero. He had Property in his own Name, and was Bright.

About the time that Cherries were ripe the

Word came up with many a Rumble and Roar that Cousin Adelbert was riding hither on the Limited. Then there was a Hurrying to and fro. Pale Faces grew paler yet and every Belle was trying to select the Creation that would make a Ten-Strike with brilliant Adelbert, late from the Varsity.

In order to know why the Town should be having this Convulsion one ought to hear something about the Town.

It was a White Settlement with a fair sprinkling of Indians. The Principal Occupation in those Parts was going down on Railroad Street to see the Trains pass through. Any one who knew the Conductor was looked up to. Most of the Young Men thereabouts travelled in their Shirt Sleeves and wore blue Elastics around their Arms and smoked Pesthouse Cigarettes. They did the Haw-Haw Laugh and thought well of their own Cute

Sayings. These Town Cut-Ups had only one Accomplishment and that was to huddle up and do the Blend on one of these Mushy Ballads. When they struck a Barber-Shop Minor they would Dwell until the unhappy Listener felt his Toes curling. Some of the Girls who were fairly up to Snuff often sighed that the Town was bad off for Society, and that was no Hungarian Joke. It is a matter of Record that the Girls in such a Sub-Center of Civilization are about seven times as Flip as what they have to choose from. If they pair off with a lot of animated Prunes it is because they have to utilize the Counterfeits or else Migrate.

Therefore it will be understood that the coming of Adelbert, who was the kind Mrs. Burton Harrison tells about, was an Event of the First Magnitude. The Girls began to brush up on their Reading so as to be primed

for Tall Conversation. They decided to choke off on Slang, as it was known that all along the Atlantic Seaboard, where Mr. Lindley Murray prevails and the Polysyllable is a Household Pet, any one who spices his Conversation with Words not yet approved by the Dictionary gets the Look of Pain or the Refrigerated Stare.

When Adelbert arrived his Cousin had Flowers in the Room. Within Twenty Minutes after the Train whistled, everybody in Town knew how many Pieces of Luggage he brought and what kind of a Suit he had on. He was given a ride in the Town Hack. All the Girls put away their Gum and ordered new White Gloves, for next day the Cream of Local Society was to Rally at a Lawn Party in Honor of Adelbert, the Toniest of his Sex.

In going over the Invitation List there had

been some Discussion as to whether or not they ought to include Noisy Nettie. She was a willowy Seraphine, who took a great Photograph, but that seemed to let her out. She had no Dignity or Repose, and the way she threw herself at Men and dragged them away from the well-behaved Sisters had given her a Bad Name. All the others in Town wondered what the Men saw in her.

It was argued that Noisy Nettie, if permitted to break in at the Lawn Party, might be silly enough to get Fresh with the Distinguished Visitor and shoot a lot of Trivialities at him and give him a False Impression of their Social Life. She could win out the low-grade Article by sitting close and chirping to him and giving him that Old One about his Hair matching his Eyes, but if she ever tried that on a Bachelor of Arts whose Thoughts were keyed up to the Higher Life, it might

queer the whole Programme. He might feel Annoyed and begin to Pack Up.

However, in a Town of that size it is impossible to Discriminate. Adelbert's Cousin was under Obligations to Nettie, and so Nettie received her Card, but it was agreed that the Girls who knew how to Behave should form a Cordon around the Honored Guest and prevent the feather-headed Flirt from getting hold of him and spoiling things.

The Lawn Party brought out all the best Bibs and Tuckers. Every Girl was dressed within an inch of her Life and came through the Front Gate taking Short Steps. In a little while they had the Young Gentleman surrounded and were telling him how they doted on James Russell Lowell and could sit up all night to read "Thanatopsis." They had selected a very fancy line of Hot-Weather Topics.

Seven or eight had their Camp-Stools planted

between Adelbert and Nettie, so as to protect him from her bold Machinations. Adelbert was having Literary Chat passed to him in Hunks when he happened to look across at Nettie. They had Met and that was all, but she gave him the Wink, which meant: "I am on. You are up against it."

"Aha!" thought Adelbert, "something doing at last. I must look into this."

Presently the Company moved over toward the Croquet Grounds and Adelbert managed to tear away and have a Word with Nettie.

"Gentle Stranger, let us shake this Bunch and go ride in the Swing," he said.

"Sure Thing," replied Nettie, and as she looked up at him she smiled faintly and once more gave him the fluttering Eyelid.

"Something tells me that we are not going to talk about Books," said Adelbert. "I did not come out West to find out about the Standard

Authors. I heard all the News about them before I left Home. I am out here to Cut Loose and have a Good Time."

"Come and Romp with me," said Nettie. "I like your Style, but I 'm a weeny bit Afraid of you because you 're such a Handsome Wretch and I 've heard about you College Boys."

Saying which she put her Chin on his shoulder and Goo-Gooed him and he lost the Power of Speech. Strange to say, he did not go into the House and begin to Pack Up. Along about that time he was thinking of having his Ticket extended.

When the Proper Girls saw that Nettie, the Scandal-Maker, had succeeded in isolating the Main Attraction there was a good deal of Whispering behind the Fans, but Net and Del did not seem to mind, because they were in the Swing having a few Whispers of their own.

The Lawn Party was the heaviest June Frost ever known in that part of the State. He who had been bawled out for two years as the most refined, cultivated and scholarly Youth east or west of the Alleghanies turned out to be the same as all the others. He passed up Miss Prim and went straight for the sassy Good-Looker.

After that first day it was a Moral Certainty that Nettie had him right. The other Girls did not get so much as a look-in on the Capital Prize. Every two hours he put on a different Rig and went up to Nettie's House to permit her to hold him by the Arm and tell him how well his Clothes became him. The other Girls peered out from behind the Curtains and spoke of him as a Softy and they began to tell around that he did n't have so much Property, and besides it was Mortgaged up to the Hilt.

Adelbert's Cousin tried to pry him away

from Nettie by telling him that she was superficial, but the Advice of a Relative never carries any weight in the Case of a genuine Love Affair.

When Adelbert returned home he had fourteen Panel Photographs of Noisy Nettie, his Heart's Delight, and she was going around Town with one Hand up in the Air so that every one could see her Solitaire.

MORAL: *Never talk Shop to a Man when he is on his Vacation.*

The Fable of The Horse Maniac & What Caused the Filing of the Suit

HERE was once a Man who owned a Family Nag named Dolly that went flat-footed and kept her Nose on the Ground. She was good for All Day, but she had the Gait of a Side-Wheeler and no Style whatever. Other Drivers would come up behind with their snorting High-Steppers that kept Head up and Tail over the Dash-Board and they would go around Mr. Man and his dun Pelter as if the latter had been hitched.

The Man did not relish the Idea of taking all the Dust on the Road, so he sold Dolly and

bought a tall, rangy Gelding with an Eagle Eye and an uneasy desire to climb a Tree. He was out of Paprika by Cayenne and had a Number in the Book. The Owner called him Caloric and had the Name put on the Box Stall. He bought a Runabout with Cushion Tires and a Curb Bit and a new Set of tan-colored Harness.

Then he began to hunt for Trouble. It required about three Hired Men to start him away for a Drive—two to keep Caloric on the Ground and another to open the Gate. When the Word was given there would be a low, rushing Sound and something would zip up the Street in a Cloud of Dust. Dogs would bark and Children would fall off the Fence.

When Caloric struck the Speedway he made the other Roadsters look as if they were Oxen. The proud Owner would come

home all Splashed and with his Pockets full of Gravel.

All the rest of that day he would stand around and Blow about what he had done to them. Sometimes he chewed a Straw and gave weighty Opinions on Knee-Action and Reach. He began to wear a striped Shirt with a Whip for a Scarf Pin and he had a studded Horse Shoe for a Watch Charm. He cut down Household Expenses in order to buy a Stop Watch. Also, he took down the Fish and Game Painting in the Dining Room and he put up a Picture of Caloric standing in a foxy Attitude looking over a Fence. The Family had Horse for Breakfast, Horse for Luncheon and Horse for Dinner. The only Rest they had was when Father went out on the pumpkin-vine Circuit with Caloric to pull down some of the $30 Purses. At times he made almost enough to pay for Feed.

One Day the local Banker brought in a bay Filly from the Blue Grass Country and began to make his Boasts. A Match was arranged and in three out of five Heats at the Driving Park another World-Beater did the Flicker. Caloric finished a sad Second, with Daylight in between, although he came under the Wire in a Drive.

That Night the Box Stall was festooned with Crape. The Owner's Wife made the Children hush and go to Bed early because Papa was sitting in the Front Room with wide, staring Eyes, a Picture of Grief. She went in and touched him up and asked him if he had got enough of the Horse Game. If so, would he begin to pay a little Attention to his Family?

He said he was going to try a Snaffle Bit and a Pair of Blinders and some Hobbles. He said Caloric would have won, only he had

a Sore Toe and got a Bum Start and was crowded into the Soft Footing.

Next Day he engaged a Trainer with an overhanging Mustache and a peaked Cap who subsisted on Navy Plug. This Genius took charge of Caloric and put enough Rigging on him to fit out Shamrock II. The Owner was up at Sunrise to see Caloric worked out and hold the Watch on him. The Family had evening Readings from the Stud Book and the Man began to think that his wife was Slow because she did not know the Time made by Cresceus and Little Boy.

When she filed her Bill for Divorce she alleged that a Horse had come between them.

MORAL: *The Ambition to pass everything on the Boulevard does not jibe with a quiet Home Life and an every-day Salary.*

The Fable of The Household Comedian & The Lady Shopper's Unexpected Come Back

A HUSBAND worked up many Grinds on the Better Half. For example, he thought it was great Sport to tell how she would do a Sheridan's Ride to a Department Store, just as if she was going to sweep the Shelves, and after she got there she would have Tracy, the Blond, show her all the Spring Importations, after which she would buy a Dimity for 9 cents and about a Nickel's worth of Veiling and have them delivered on a Rush Order. She was a regular Hawk on spotting Bargain Sales, and the Monologue Artist that lived

with her used to tell his Friends that she would claw her way into a Jam of Women and scrap like an Amazon to capture one of the marked-down Remnants.

The Husband lectured her about chasing around from Store to Store, annoying the Salesmen, blocking up the Aisles, pawing all kinds of Expensive Materials and criticizing the Merchandise, finally ducking away without even showing the Color of her Money. He said a Woman would take one of these undersized Valises containing a Powder Puff, a Chew of Gum, a Glove-Fastener, and just enough Car-Fare to land her back Home again, and she would go out and do more Jimming and Four-Flushing than a Man would do if he was going to buy a House and Lot. He said there was no need of giving a Parade and making a lot of Grand-Stand Plays every time one went out to purchase a few Necessities of

Life. He said that on a Pleasant Day a Gang of Women could throw out more Flounces and stop more Cars and use up more Floor Walkers for the Amount of Coin they put into Circulation than any one he ever saw.

One Day in the early Summer he came home ahead of his Wife. He always claimed that when a Woman went out on a Shopping Spree she made it a Point to loaf Down Town until about 5.30 so that she could elbow into the Evening Rush and compel some hollow-eyed Man to clutch a Strap all the way home.

When she appeared it was evident that she had been gallivanting through the Scrimmage. Her Sky-Piece had a List to the Starboard, her Frizzes had straightened out on her and the Belt Buckle was scrouged around until it had her facing sideways. Here was a Grand Opening for the Humorous Husband, so he fell back on his Stock Joke.

"And what has little Angel-Face been running down to-day?" he asked. "Did Sunshine buy a Paper of Pins or a nice Eleven Cent Coil of Black Braid?"

"Nit!" she replied, stopping short and turning the Mackerel Eye on him. "You have jolted me so often that I have turned over a New Leaf. I knew how you hated to have me price Goods and then push them back, so to-day nothing went back. I have bought six Embroidered Shirt-Waists, a Lace Parasol, 22 Yards of Silkalorum that looks like Silk and wears better, and a lot of Articles that you wouldn't know what they were if I told you the Names. Your little Bird didn't make any Water-Haul to-day, I can promise you that, and if you think I am stringing you, wait until you get the Statement. I ran it up to an even Hundred Samoleons so that you would not have to bother with any Small Change."

She waited for him to Rally but he gave no sign of returning to the Scratch, so she sought her own Room, leaving him all Flattened Out.

MORAL: *So long as she is Happy, don't compel her to spend more Money.*

The Fable of The Hungry Man from Bird Center And the Trans-Atlantic Touch

N one of the Regular Stops on a Spur Line of a Western Road, there lived a Man who wanted to see Europe. Somebody had told him that Travelling broadens one. He had six weeks to spare, so he thought he would hustle over and get Broadened about $500 worth.

This would-be Marco Polo wanted to hie over and look in Pity on the decaying Monarchies of the Effete East and compare them with Bird Center. He was afraid that if he waited a couple of Seasons they would be so

Far Along in the Process of Decay that they would not be Fit to look at.

He was a Coal-Dealer in Bird Center, but he sighed for further Honors. He wanted to be pointed out as the Fellow who had took in the Old Country. There was one Woman in Bird Center who had skipped over and back again before Europe knew anything about it. This Record gave her a goshawful Standing in the Chautauqua. She had put in two days in dear old Rome. When the Circle began to speak of Art, she had all the other Girls spiked to the Tan Board.

The Coal-Dealer had his Name stencilled on a low-browed Steamer Trunk. Also he secured a Passport which identified him as a Male American and requested Foreign Powers to overlook all Breaks, as he was from Bird Center.

His Friends gave him a Farewell Dinner.

When he boarded the Train, the entire Population was down to see him Off. His Neighbors pounded him on the Back and gave him a box of Lottie Lees to smoke on the Trip, because they had heard tell that it was impossible to get a Good Segar away from Home. They told him to give their Best to Ed, meaning his Gracious Majesty, and to ask Kaiser Bill to take one on them, and to tell the Pope howdy. In fact, his Departure was made a regular Festival of home-grown Humor, and he felt that he was something of a Public Character.

But when he boarded the Liner and came up against the Sea-Dog who had been across 47 times and liked Heavy Weather and never had been Sick, he shrank considerably. His Plans for doing Great Britain and the whole Continent in one Month, did not seem to excite any burning Interest.

The Voyage was not up to his large Expectations. A majority of the Passengers lay about in a Comatose Condition, rolled up in loud Rugs. The others did numerous Laps around and around the Deck, like the Participants in a Six-Day Match, and spoke to no one. The Coal-Dealer spent most of his Time in somebody else's Steamer Chair, sucking a Lemon and trying to get his Mind off of the Rolling Motion.

In due time he landed on Albion's Shore, as he called it in writing to the Home Paper. He had read all about the Anglo-Saxon Alliance, and the Friendly Feeling for Americans and Blood being thicker than Water. He expected the Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne to be down at the Dock with a Union Jack in one Hand, a Starry Banner in the other and an Invitation to Marlborough House held in his Teeth. But the Reception Committee failed

to Materialize. The Man from Bird Center rode up to London in a small Compartment with several of our British Cousins. He tried to be Sociable and dab a little more Cement on the Anglo-Saxon Alliance, but they looked out at the Landscape and did not seem inclined to mix up with one who had not been Presented. By the time the Train rumbled in among the Chimney-Pots, they had him Frozen as stiff as a Board.

After he had been on the Other Side for about a Week, he learned that if he wanted to Talk to any one, he could go out and employ a Guide.

Still, there were some who recognized the Blood Relation, and they bled him. The Cabbies charged him three times the regular Tariff for a Four-Wheeler. He discovered that a Nasal Accent was Expensive. Somehow, every one seemed to know that he was one of those

eccentric Yankees. He was regarded as a Millionaire just because he came from America and talked in a Loud Tone. He did not like to correct this flattering Impression and explain that he was merely a Bounder from Bird Center who wanted to go it Cheap. So he Let Go rather freely, and the first thing he knew his Letter of Credit began to look lop-sided.

He went against the London Tailor and bought a lot of strange Garb with Cushions in the Shoulders. The Garments did not fit him, but were said to be Durable. The Tailor said he could n't Wear them Out, and after he returned Home, he found that he did not dare to.

After remaining in London for a Week and getting fairly well acquainted with a Waiter, he struck out for the Continent, where they had been saving up all their Bad Money to

give to him. He did not know how to make change. In the Excitement of Travel, he forgot his 4 French Sentences and became so Locoed that they did what they pleased to him. He was from the U. S. A., where the Currency grows on Bushes, and they felt at Liberty to go through him.

He was so busy scrapping over Bills, looking up Time-Tables, paying Excess Baggage and sending Illustrated Postal Cards back to Bird Center, telling what a Grand Time he was having, that he had very little Time for Sights. Still, he managed to look into 400 Cathedrals that seemed just alike and had the same damp Odor and he stood in front of several thousand faded Masterpieces and let on to Admire them. After a while all Scenery looked alike to him and when a Guide tried to pull him into a Gallery he resisted.

Wherever he stopped, a smiling Hotel

Manager gave him the Sleeve across the Wind-Pipe.

After a couple of weeks though, he got used to it and would extend his Neck and take it in the Jugular without a Murmur.

He began to count the Days until he would see Bird Center again. He wanted to be back where the Teams were hitched around the Court House Square and no Building was more than 15 years old and everybody said "Hello, Bill!"

In addition to being Home-Sick, he was Hungry. He could not get his Steak and Onions. At the sad Round-Up known as the Tabble Dote, they passed him a lot of Trimmings that he could neither Pronounce nor Assimilate. He sat in the Forum at Rome and longed for Rhubarb Pie. As he floated on the Grand Canal in Venice, he realized that Green Corn was coming into the Mar-

ket back in Bird Center, and the Blow nearly threw him out of the Gondola. He stood in the Majestic Presence of Mont Blanc and made an Open Offer of Seven Dollars for a Cup of Mother's Coffee without any dag-goned Chicory in it.

It was a joyous Day when the Coal-Dealer climbed into a Six-Day Boat headed for Sandy Hook. He had used the Cable to get Two Hundred over and above the Letter. He did n't know whether or not his Trip had Broadened him, but he knew it had left him Short.

He realized that when he landed in New York, he would be Searched as a Smuggler, and then Sand-Bagged by a Hackman, but he was ready to stand for anything that was n't done in a Foreign Language.

"The Latin Races may be on the Decline, but they did n't refuse to take All of Mine," said the Coal-Dealer, as he looked back across

the vasty Deep. "The only way I can get Revenge is to go back to Bird Center and talk Europe for the next 10 Years."

MORAL: *The Time to enjoy a European Trip is about Three Weeks after Unpacking.*

The Fable of The Brotherhood of States & The Wife Who Was Responsible for the Jubilee

UBBY had promised to be home early for Dinner. He had one Foot on the Step of the Street-Car when he happened to remember that his Wife had told him to bring home a Basket of Gem Melons, because the Grocer did not keep the Kind she liked.

Hubby objected to playing Pack-Pony on the Streets, but he knew there would be a catch-as-catch-can Talking Match if he failed to show up with those Melons, so he turned reluctantly and allowed the Car to go its Way.

He sought a Delicatessen Store and bought a 5-pound Basket of undersized Canteloupes that looked as if they were Chapped. He started back to take the next Car, when he ran plump into an Old Friend from Memphis. The Acquaintance from the South said it was the Custom in his part of the Country when two Gentlemen met after a long Separation to pour a small Libation on the Altar of Friendship.

"You will excuse me if I don't refuse," said Hubby, and the two began to look around for a Place with Potted Ferns in the Window.

As they laid their Breast-Bones against the metallic Hand-Rail, Hubby saw a Vision of a Lady with Auburn Hair. She was watching the Cars unload at the Corner. There was what you might term a Baleful Gleam in her Eye, and she was beginning to tap the Floor

with one Tootsie. Those who understand the Matrimonial Code know that when a Lady with Zaza Tresses begins to telegraph with one Foot, then is the Time to climb a Tree. Hubby did not mention the Vision to his Friend from Memphis. He did not believe in telling his Troubles to an innocent Third Party.

The Man from Memphis ordered two Juleps. The Julep is built in a tall Vase. It consists of a leafy Roof Garden superimposed on a Display of Small Fruit, the whole underlaid with a Nansen Ice-Floe. Hubby had to take off his Hat in order to crawl through the Mint and get to the Beverage. As he looked at the fading Sunlight through the Kaleidoscope of Prismatic Flashes and Blushing Cherries, the Picture of Mabel with her Face against the Pane faded away and he beheld 10,000 star-eyed Sirens in White, all singing "Dixie." He

felt a great Love for the Southland welling up in his Heart.

So he told the Barkeep to put the Basket of Melons on the Ice and get busy with two more of the same.

He took Memphis by the Hand and said that Mason and Dixon's Line was only a Memory. He wished to propose a Toast—to Sunny Tennessee, brightest Gem in the Diadem of States, the Home of Fair Women and Brave Men.

After the second Julep he told the Barkeep to take the Melons out and feed them to the Cat and to order up a Carriage with two Drivers. On Second Thought he decided to take the Melons along to throw at the Arc Lights in order to prove that the North and the South were One and Indivisible.

Hubby arrived home at 2 A.M. carrying the Handle of the Basket. When she opened up

on him, he proved to her that he would have been there at 6.15 if she had not asked him to purchase all those Supplies.

MORAL: *Usually the Woman is to Blame.*

7

The Fable of The Good Fairy of the Eighth Ward and the Dollar Excursion of the Steam-Fitters

ONNYHAN lived right up in the City where they try to put two Houses on one Lot.

The Name of the Thoroughfare was Kidd Street. It was in the Eighth Ward, just off Cinders avenue. There was a swell View of the Gas House and the Residents might have seen the Bottling Works and the Dump if it had n't been for the Foundries in between.

Mr. Monnyhan worked in a Blast Furnace where they did not provide Electric Fans for the Help. When Summer came he never had

to worry about his Polo Pony, and the Problem of getting a good Butler for the Country House did not give him a moment's Uneasiness. Mr. Monnyhan was one of the Plain People. He wiped his Mouth on the Back of his Hand, and when he saw a Man in Duck Trousers he had Murder in his Heart.

Shortly after the Whistle blew, Mr. Monnyhan would show up in Kidd Street, dragging one Foot after the other, the Prosperity Dinner Pail in one horny Mitt and his Coat over his Arm. He would collapse on the Step with a Moan of Relief. Then he would call for his Evening Paper and read about Summer Styles for Well-Dressed Men.

After Supper he and the other Toilers along the Row would come out to the Front Stoops and peel off until they were comfortable, no matter what the *Ladies' Home Journal* said. The Children playing in the Street wore Ra-

tional Costumes. Sometimes a Foreigner came along and played on a Street Piano. The German at the Corner did a great Bucket Trade. After Mr. Monnyhan and his Neighbors had Rolled the Rock and Chased the Duck and Hurried the Can for several Pints of the White Suds they would feel almost as well off as the Rich.

Mrs. Monnyhan had a Grudge against Kidd Street. She was full of pipey Ambitions that did not fit in with Papa's Saturday Night Envelope. When she read about some New York Family going away on a Yacht and taking $10,000 worth of Ice along, she would feel Envious. The Monnyhans got most of their Ice in the Winter Time. Sometimes she would look out at the two lonesome Trees in Kidd Street and wish that her Husband was an unpopular Stock-Jobber instead of an honest Workingman. Mrs. Monnyhan loved to

read about who was Entertaining at Newport and what to wear at the Races. She used to figure out what kind of speckled Horses she would drive to her Private Hack, if she should go out in the Alley some day and pick up a Million Dollar Bill. She spent a lot of Money in this way.

Mr. Monnyhan was a Home Body. He asked nothing better than an Al Fresco Evening on the Stoop, puffing his little Henry Clay and now and then burying his Face in the Growler.

But Mrs. Monnyhan had the Travel Microbe in her System. She wanted to take a Trip into the Country. Her Husband advised her to go over to the Park if she wanted to see some Grass, but she said that a real Outing meant at least 40 Miles on the Steam Cars. And she kept nagging Monnyhan.

One night the Good Fairy of the Eighth

Ward came and perched on the Instalment Bedstead and spoke to Monnyhan as follows: "Your Side-Partner will never be happy until she gets that Ride to the Country. Next Sunday the Steam-Fitters' Protective Association gives a Dollar Excursion. I think it will help some if you give her enough Recuperation in one Day to last her all Summer."

Mr. Monnyhan acted on the Tip. His Wife was tickled to know that they were going. She loaded a Basket with Lunch and laid out her best Things.

On Sunday Morning the Monnyhans put on their heavy Clothing and started for the Station. The Sun had got an Early Start. It was a hot, gummy Day—just the kind for an Excursion.

On the Railway Platform stood about One Thousand in their Sunday Best, slowly Cooking. The Monnyhans worked their way into

the Pack. Every Person in that Crowd seemed to be radiating Heat like a Parlor Stove.

It was a sure-enough Sunday Bunch. There was Hiney Blotz with the Badge and the Pale Cigar. He was putting Finger Marks on the dove-colored Basque of Jimpsy, the pale Mechanic of the Commercial Hotel. Also there was Mike the Bite, with his regular Rollopozarium, who was Calcimined to a creamy white and chewing Pepsin Gum in two-four Time. And the Queen with the Satin Slippers and the gold Bridge-Work in her Teeth. Was she on hand with Clarence and his Patent Leathers?

Mrs. Monnyhan was looking for Society and she got her Dollar's Worth right on the Jump.

She was right next to a Stout Lady in white, who carried a Small Child, probably five weeks old. A very young Baby that is

broken out with the Heat loves to get away on Sunday and have a Time with the Steam-Fitters. On the other side was a Gay Dog with a Red Handkerchief around his Neck and a Japanese Fan in his upper Coat Pocket. No Sunday Excursion is complete without this Boy.

The Cars had been standing in the Yards since 4.30, soaking up Heat. There were not enough Seats for all, so Mr. Monnyhan put the two Children in the Coal-Box, while he and the Pleasure-Seeker sat behind a Couple that talked Baby Talk. The Woman had artificial Cherries on her Hat and the Man smelled of Musk. Then somebody began to sing "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," and others started in to open up Lunch and throw Egg-Shells on the Floor. The Humorist who puts his Head out of the Window to Josh those at the different Stops was present in Numbers. Also

the rollicking Youth who keeps tramping up and down the Aisles.

The Train ran for 6 Miles and then backed into a Siding at a Gravel Pit and waited for a Freight. The Excursion Train waits for Everything.

Mrs. Monnyhan had a Clinker in her Eye and Mr. Monnyhan's Collar was done for, so he thought it was about time to say something. He said he was glad he was n't back at Home with his Coat and Vest off and a Dish of Hops in front of him. He thought that would be Miserable. Mrs. Monnyhan was still Game. She told him to wait until they were in the Country.

Along about Noon the Train pulled up near a Tree and somebody said they had arrived at the Grove. So they all piled out and stood around in the tall Timothy, waiting for something to happen.

Out in the Country if there is a Piece of Ground that cannot be farmed, they call it a Picnic Park and let the Stock run in it. The Monnyhans found themselves up against one of these bluff Groves. There was not enough Shade to go around. They had to take Turn About standing under the Tree. And if you didn't like the Place, you had to stay just the same, until the Train was ready to pull out.

The only Amusement was doing the Pivot Waltz with the Heads together. That is no Entertainment for any one past twenty-eight, so the Monnyhans cut it out.

It was a long Day with nothing to see except the Track, the Rag-Weeds and a lot of Spoons who held on to one another for fear of losing a Good Thing.

The Train was seven hours in getting back, and by that time the Monnyhans were a

Sight. It would not have been a regular Sunday Excursion if some Gentleman had not smashed another Gentleman for insulting his Lady. Mrs. Monnyhan fainted and dropped her Wild Flowers, and by the time she came to they were all over the Shop, knee-deep.

Late at Night the Monnyhans arrived at Kidd Street. To Mrs. Monnyhan those two dusty Trees were a Bower of Eden. She had taken enough Vacation to do her for quite a Spell. She wanted to get into the House and make a few Quick Changes and take a Long Breath.

So when they were back on their own Door-Step where they could shed their Garments and catch the Breeze from the Switch Yards, they realized that Kidd Street was an earthly Paradise.

Now, when Mrs. Monnyhan needs Recrea-

tion, she shakes a Nickel out of Willie's Bank and flags a Trolley.

MORAL: *Be it ever so humble, there's no Place like Home when it comes to Wearing what you like.*

The Fable of The All-Night Seance & The Limit That Ceased to Be

OUR reputable Business Men sat down at the Green Baize to flirt with the Goddess of Fortune for one Hour, no more, no less. The Married Men did not want to go Home too early for fear that it would be too much of a Shock to their Wives.

These four Good Fellows may be designated as Adams, Brown, Collins and Davis, for fear the Children get hold of the Book. They were up in Adams' Room. Some one remarked that it was the mere Shank of the Evening—just the Fringe of the Night, as it

were—and it seemed a Shame to pull for Home while so many other and more attractive Resorts were still open. So Adams brought out the necessary Tools and the four Comrades squared away.

It was to be a Gentleman's Game. No one at the Table wanted to take Money out of a Friend's Pocket. They put on an easy Limit of 10 Cents, so that no one could win or lose enough to Hurt. They had to make it an Object in order to keep their Blood in Circulation, but it was agreed that one fleeting Hour of 10-Cent Limit would not make or break any one. And it was positively understood and agreed that when the Cuckoo Clock hooted for Eleven O'clock, that was to be the Signal. Adams had been out the Night before with a Bad Man from Council Bluffs, and he wanted to make up a few Hours of Slumber. Brown had to figure on a Contract next Day, and he

needed Eight Hours so as to show up with a Clear Head. Collins said he had a couple of Black Marks standing against him and if he did n't get in by Midnight, he might lose his Latch-Key. Davis said he was glad they were going to make it a Brief Session as the Electric Light hurt his Eyes. It seemed that not one had more than an Hour to spare.

It was a beautiful Get-Away. All the Stacks were the same size, neatly built up into Stand-Pipes of Red, White and Blue. The Cards riffled smoothly and the Dove of Peace seemed to hover over the Round Table. Each Man lighted an eight-inch Perfecto and got it slanted up so as to keep the Smoke out of his Eyes. He was feeling Immense because he counted on pulling out about Five Bones and buying a Hat with it.

Inasmuch as they were playing in Adams' Room and he was providing all the wet and

dry Provisions, they felt at liberty to jounce him. A Host is not supposed to act Peevish, no matter what they do to him. So what they did to Adams was a Plenty. It was only a measly little Child's Game with a Come In of Two call Five and a Blue Seed for the Outside Bet, but when two of them got Adams in between them and started the Whip-Saw, they left him with nothing but Whites. He died like an Outcast with three Type-Writers clutched in his Salary Hook.

He touched up the Bone Yard in a low, injured Tone of Voice and they could notice the Gloom curdling on his side of the Table. In a few Moments he tried to Get Back by making it Expensive to Draw. Davis picked up two Cards and filled a Straight and he lit on Mr. Bluffer all spraddled out. It was about this time that Adams began to get Red around the Ears. He told them to be careful

where they dropped their Ashes, as the Rug they were sitting on was a genuine Bokhara and had stood him more than Two Hundred. They asked him if he was Sore, and he said he was not, but he hated to sit in with a Farmer who would hold up Three, open in the Middle, and then Fill. Any one who would do that ought to be Arrested. Davis remarked that their Host was an Imitation Sport who ought to be out playing Mumblety-Peg or Croquet. Davis had a long Breastwork of Plush in front of him and he was full of Conversation. He told Adams that if they injured the Rug he would buy another.

In the meantime the Short Hand had crept up toward XI. Davis kept calling Attention to the Fact that the Time was just about up. He wanted to get his Velvet and Dig. The Electric Light was hurting his Eyes worse than ever.

But when the Hour struck, Adams was just beginning to be keen for Trouble. He told them to forget the Clock. He threw the Jonah Deck into the Grate, broke a fresh Pack, walked around his Chair three times, took off his Coat and gave Fair Warning that all Boys and Cripples must get back of the Ropes. He rung in a new Rule that any one who bet less than 50 Cents would be considered a Gazabe. He put in a Patent Corkscrew for a Buck and said it called for a Jack Pot every time it came out with the Ante. He hoped that all of the Old Ladies and the Safe Players would dust the Cracked Ice out of their Laps and get Busy. He said if they tried hard they could get Action for their Money on something less that Threes.

Of course, they had agreed to chop off at Eleven, but they could not play Quitter on their Host while he was so deep in the Hole,

so they all came down to their Shirt Sleeves and got ready for Rough Work. They began to Edge with the Colored Beans and Friendship ceased. Adams had a Run of Luck and he crowded it. Every time he skun his First Set and found it promising, he raised them out of their Chairs. It was a Half Dollar per Throw and somebody was thrown every Deal. Before long he had them Buying, and Brown had opened a Tab with the Bank.

Adams begun to hum a Popular Air, just to show that he could Gamble without losing his Temper. He had All Kinds corded up in front of him and he was exceeding Blithe. He said he was going to buy some nice Etchings for his Room and put in an Ice-Box and have everything Right in case a few Friends dropped in like this. Then he glanced up at the Clock and said that probably they had better make it Midnight. At this the other

three let out a Roar that would have been a Credit to Niagara. They said they were going to Hang On until they got Revenge. He explained that somebody had to quit Loser and besides, they could n't sit up all Night. The Doctor had told him to get plenty of Sleep. They scoffed at him and told him to get a Hot Brick and put his Feet on it.

Brown arose and removed his flowered Waistcoat, rolled up his Sleeves and said they would let up on Fooling and begin in Earnest. They would play nothing but Jacks and it would cost One Dollar to Associate. With that they closed in and every Man was playing so near to his Shirt Bosom that he had to back off to read his Hand. The Light Conversation had died away. It was now a Case of getting the Heart's Blood. They talked in low, sick-room Whispers and eyed one another stealthily. Each of the four won-

dered if the Game was absolutely on the Square.

Along about 2 o'clock after the Luck had been see-sawing, Brown had four Trays and refused to take Cards. Two Full Hands came out against him and that was what led up to the Slaughter. When a Person stands Pat, it is the crafty Supposition that he has a Flush or a Straight. To hold the Extra Card as a Blind for Fours is justly regarded as an Act of Low Cunning. When the Smoke and Dust cleared away, Brown had everything in sight and was beginning to Yawn slightly and look at his Watch. The others were drawing on the Bank and telling what they might have done if the Cards had n't come just as they did.

Adams had been Cleaned properly, and he was so Mad he was breathing through his Nose. He produced his Bank-Book to show that he was Good for any Amount, and then

he abolished the Limit and announced that he was out for Gore and would show no Quarter.

Then the Game settled down to the Kind in which somebody lays $14 on a Pair of Sevens and gets whooped $9 by some other Desperado holding Nines, and nobody bats an Eyelash.

At 4 o'clock Brown, who was still intrenched behind his Earnings, suggested that they play one Round of Jack Pots for Five Bucks and then settle up. This was reluctantly agreed to. In this Grand Finale some tall Hands were dealt and they did n't do a Thing to Brown. So he called for just one more Round and everybody locked Horns and began all over again.

At 6 o'clock when the Hot Sunlight fell athwart the Table the Room resembled a Roustabout Bar-Room. Four Haggard Beings, scantily Clad, sat at the Table and weakly en-

deavored to Bump one another. Adams was out a Month's Salary and was Dead on his Feet. Brown had worked like a Dog all night and had nothing to show for it except a Head and a Debit of $3.50. Collins had most of the Chips, but he would have given a Thousand to get out of going Home and facing Pet. Davis had been running the Bank, and he never will know how he came out. He had two Envelopes covered with Marks, and after the others Cashed In, he didn't have any Money with which to redeem his own Checks. He asked what he had better do, and no one answered. They had Troubles of their own.

After they left and Adams put his Head under the Faucet, he said he was going to swear off on making his Room a Hang-Out for Sharks. And when they were safely outside, they agreed that Men with Homes

ought to keep away from the Rounder Element. And everybody said "Never Again."

MORAL: *Play Muggins, and then you will be glad to Quit at any time.*

The Fable of The Good People Who Rallied to the Support of the Church

A CONGREGATION needed Money for repairing the Church, so the Women got together and decided to hold a Raspberry Festival. Sister Frisbie invited them to come and Carouse on her Front Lawn. Some 22 Members of the Flock flew out and bought a few Things to Wear, the Outlay for washable Finery running to about $8 per Head.

Mr. Frisbie got $9 worth of Chinese Lanterns and strung them around. He wanted to do the Thing up Brown so as to get a Puff in the Weekly. The Paper came out and said

that the Frisbie Front Yard with its Myriad Twinkling Lights was a Veritable Fairy-Land. That kind of a Notice is worth $9 of anybody's Money.

Mr. Frisbie and three other Pillars of the Church devoted $7 worth of valuable Time to unloading Tables and Camp-Stools.

The Women Folks ruined $14 worth of Complexion working in the hot Kitchen to make Angel Food and Fig Cake.

On the Night of the Raspberry Orgy the Public trampled down $45 worth of Shrubbery.

When it came time to check up the Linen and Silverware it was found that $17 worth of Spoons with Blue Thread tied around them had been lost in the Shuffle.

The Drip from the Candles ruined $29 worth of Summer Suits and Percale Shirt-Waists.

Four Children gorged themselves and each was tied in a True Lover's Knot with Cholera Morbus before another Sunrise. The Doctor Bills footed up $18.

After clearing the Wreck, paying the Drayman and settling for the Ice Cream and Berries, it was discovered that the Church was $6.80 to the Good. So everybody said it was a Grand Success.

MORAL: *Anything to avoid dropping it in the Basket.*

The Fable of How Grandma Shattered an Idol and Made It Easy for the Children

THEORETICAL Parent was accustomed to jawing his Children. He hectored them and found Fault.

He thought the Cherubim ought to sit up straight all Day and keep their Hands folded.

Pa had an impaired Circulation and Fur on his Tongue and a kind of Janders Complexion and therefore Life was a sad and serious Game to him. He wanted the Children to take the same Gloomy View of the whole Demnition Grind. He was in a Blue Funk most of the time and it was his earnest Desire that the

whole Universe should wear a Black Border in order to be in Harmony with his own state of Melancholy.

So when he had nothing else to do, he fixed up restraining Rules for the Kids. He told them they must not waller in the Grass or climb Trees or get into Scraps. When he commanded them to keep out of Fights and Wrassles he seemed to overlook the Fact that they were the immediate Descendants of a rambustious Individual who always had two or three Law Suits on hand and went about with a Chip on his Shoulder.

He came down on them like 1,000 of Brick if they failed to be Polite. He told them to say "Yes, Ma'am" and "Thank You" and always show Respect for their Elders, because that would be the only Chance that some of the Elders had to have any Respect shown to them.

He was a Stickler for Table Manners. It worried him if the Children failed to get a graceful Grip on the Knife and Fork and he insisted that they add "Please" whenever they shot in a Request for more Chow.

Furthermore, Pop leaned over from the Heights of his all-round Superiority and talked down to the Offspring about Habits of Industry. It cut him to the Quick to learn that they had played Hookey and scooted up the Alley when Mama wanted them to run Errands. He said that in his younger Days he had been a great Help to his Folks.

To hear him tell it, he had been a Model Youth. He always wound up a Lecture by telling how he went to Sunday School and always had the Golden Text cinched and captured the Prize for reeling off 200 verses of Scripture.

Sometimes, when the three Children real-

ized what a Sweet Child their Male Parent had been, they felt ashamed and discouraged, because they knew they never could Buck Up and duplicate his juvenile Career. It was pretty hard to understand how and why such an Angel had grown up to be a grumpy Kicker, but they had Daddy's Word for it that he had been the original Fauntleroy and whatever he said went.

"When I was your Age," he would say to his trembling Flock, "I never wanted to eat between Meals, and I used to Buckle down to my Lessons every Evening, until Mother would take my School-Books and hide them to prevent me from ruining my Eye-Sight. I never was Cruel to Dumb Animals; neither was I rude to Little Girls."

This very remarkable Man had two Boys and one Girl. The oldest Child was a Boy named Wallie. He was about 16 and run-

ning principally to Legs and Red Neckties. He was at the Awkward Age. His Voice was changing and he had outgrown his Clothes and he wobbled and stepped on himself when he walked. He went about humped over as though he had been dried across a Barrel.

Wallie was passing through the Calf Period. He was a little too old to Spank, and not quite old enough to heed the Voice of Reason. He put in a lot of Time combing his Hair. It seemed to him about time to drop out of School, because he certainly knew it all. He wrote Notes to Girls a few years older than himself, and furthermore he had got away with his first Cigarette. Luckily, Papa did not know. Papa was an end-to-end Smoker and burned up about a dozen Black Cigars every Day, but it would have broken his Heart to learn that any Child of his used To-

bacco. The Old Gentleman was very rough on Wallie. He gave him the Gig at every opportunity, for he had no sympathy with Puppy Love and he hated a Dude, and he actually accused the boy of being Lazy. Papa had been such a Busy Bee all his Life, he had no Patience with a shirking Drone.

About the time that this Extraordinary Person had his three Children cowed and subdued, his Mother came on a Visit. The Children gave a glad Whoop when Grandma loomed up at the Front Gate. Their own Mama usually played Second Fiddle to Papa, but Grandma took Orders from no one. While she was at the Helm, the Children had one long Picnic. She staked them to Spending Money and she stood between them and many a Scolding.

She had been a stern and Spartan Mother with her own Children, but the Grandchildren

could have anything they wanted. They got on the Soft Side of the good Old Lady and anybody who was Mean to them stood an elegant Chance of hearing something Drop.

For several Days after she arrived, the Czar of the Household continued to publish Edicts and bark at Wallie and Carry on after the manner of all Autocrats who are swollen with Pride and Power. Grandma held in as long as she could and then one Day at the Dinner Table she veered around and gave him a Broadside that was a Beaut.

"Won't you ever get tired of badgering these persecuted Lambs?" she demanded. "Instead of nagging them all day and telling them how Bad they are, you ought to get down on your knees and give Thanks that you've got three such lovely Children. The idea of your abusing poor Wallie! When you were his Age, you read Yellow-Back Novels

and put Oil on your Hair and wanted to jump into the Well because the School Teacher would n't elope with you. It makes me so dratted Huffy, too, to hear you correct Bob and Ruth. You seem to forget that when you were little you always spilled Stuff over yourself at the Table and was n't worth your Salt at doing Chores and had a Temper like a Cross-Cut Saw. I raised six Children and you gave me more Trouble than all the others put together. You were so Dumb at School you had to drop back two Classes. All you wanted to do was to tear out with those Toughs and kill Birds with Nigger-Shooters. I 'm glad your Children take after their Mother instead of you."

There he sat, Blown Up and the Search Light turned on him. He was caught with the Goods.

After that he did n't dare to Peep. The

children were ready to pull his Record on him. So it was a Happy Home.

MORAL: *Keep the Children in the Dark.*

9

The Fable of The Last Day at School & The Tough Trustee's Farewell to the Young Voyagers

HIGH-GRADE Heeler who had helped divvy the Campaign Fund and round up the Barrel-House Vote and get the Hoboes into Line for Good Government, was so beloved by his Party that he was made a Member of the Board of School Trustees and set up as an Example to the Young.

Whenever the High School Graduates put on their White Organdies and Dark Cutaways and got ready to up the Gang-Plank and embark on Life's Voyage, it was the Custom to have a Representative Member of the School

Board on hand to give them a Send-Off. One Year the Political Boss was chosen for this Honor. He had been putting up Flat Buildings and buying Bonds on a Salary of $1,800, and it was believed that he was just the one to tell the Young Folks how to Succeed in Life. He wanted to know what he was expected to Talk about, and they told him about Ten Minutes, and be sure and tell the Class how to shin up the Ladder and get their Death-Grip on the Top Round. For it must be known, Reader, that when the Gentle Youth break out of High School they not only Launch on the Tempestuous Sea, but they also begin to climb the ladder of Fame and hike up the toilsome Mountain-Side and go into the waiting Harvest Field, all at the same time.

The Boss was no Albert J. Beveridge. Oratory was not his Long Suit. He was better on

a Still Hunt than on the Stump. He did his most effective Work with a Dark Lantern and a pair of Goloshes. Fortunately he had a Talented Stenographer, and he told her to draw up to her Machine and beat out about 500 Words of South Wind. She wrote the customary Josh — the kind that has been passed out to Graduating Classes since the Year One.

She said they were standing on Life's Threshold, getting ready to put Rosem on their hands and do the Ladder Act. All those who had been Studious and had loved Teacher and got 98 in Botany were dead sure to be Useful and Respected Citizens if they continued to be Honest and Industrious and Persevering. When the Trustee looked it over he said there could n't be any possible Kick on such Advice, because it had been used on Thousands of Children and never seemed to affect

them one way or the other. So he put it in his Pocket.

On Commencement Day he went up to the High School. He wore a Black Suit that was meant for a Polar Expedition. It was a Hot, Sticky Day. The Exercises struck him as being very Yellow.

Two Scared little Girls, with gas-pipe Underpinning, played one of those hurry-up Duets. Then a tow-headed Boy stood on one Foot and told why Greece and Rome had Petered out. He offered a few husky Suggestions in regard to Educating the Masses and edged back to his Seat, falling over himself on the Way.

Then a fat little girl, who seemed to have a rush of Blood to the Head, told all about "Ambition." She said there were several kinds of Ambition, and those who overplayed it would surely get a good hard Toss sooner or later.

She said the Trouble was that some People were Ambitious to make Money and control Legislation. She did n't think it was right.

A pale Boy with high-water Trousers and a recent Hair-Cut, pulled out the Tremolo Stop and sang a low Refrain about "Life's Duties." He said that no one should accumulate Wealth or try to get the Bulge on Honest Toil or put on any toppy Lugs with Silks and Broadcloth. He advised every one to give up the mad Race for Wealth and be a Philanthropist, drying the Widow's Tears, jollying up the Orphans and planting sweet Flowers along Life's Rugged Pathway.

"Our Country" was the Subject chosen by another Boy. He said we had Europe and Asia crowded off the Map and nothing could head us off, unless we forgot the Flag in our desire to grab off the Money. He gave the Politicians a hard Larruping and said he

wanted to see the pure-minded Patriots put in charge of Things.

There were other Clarion Calls to Duty, and then a panicky Miss, whose Voice sounded like some one standing too close to the 'Phone, read the Valedictory. She claimed that the Class was all Broken Up at the Prospect of bolting away from the kind Principal and the Dear Teachers, but the time had come for them to tackle the Ladder and get on the Boat and start up the Mountain, etc., etc. She hoped that the whole Class was ready to Scatter into the Great World and pull for Success, and she said that Success was measured by Good Deeds and not by Dollars and Cents.

Then the Principal made one of these We-have-with-us-this-Afternoon Introductions, whereupon the Member of the Board unfolded himself and worked out into the Clearing. He

felt in his inside Coat Pocket for the MSS., but it was not there. He fanned his clothes and Patted himself, but nary a Sound of Legal Cap. Then he remembered that in changing to the Pall-Bearer's Make-Up he had neglected to transfer the Speech.

For a few Seconds he was Non-Plussed. Then he braced himself and decided to introduce a Positive Novelty at Commencement Exercises and speak what was on his Mind. So he said: "Little People, I have been in a kind of Trance for a couple of Hours. You have been handing over a few that were too High for your Uncle Fuller. I have been around more or less in my Time, and I thought I had bumped up against several hefty Intellects, but when it comes to being there with the Gray Matter you have got all of us Old People left at the Post. When I look up at these 16-story Minds I feel like a

Discarded Deuce. You ought to be proud of the Fact that you have more Knowledge than the School Board and all of your Relatives put together. I happen to know that when the President of the Board wants to find out the interest on $175 for one year and nine months at Six Per Cent, he wears out a Pencil or two and gets all Balled Up, and finally has to go over to the First National Bank and have the Man work it out for him. I have told myself at times that I was a fairly Hot Potato, but if any one asked me to define Algebra, I could n't make a Sound. I 'll tell you, a rusty old Wheel Horse has n't got the Nerve to try and show any speed when you enter him against a Juvenile Phenom.

"I think it is a Safe Bet that you Young Folks are better Posted now than you ever will be again. In the Years to come, your Steady Job will be to Forget what you learned

in High School. When you get thrown out of Employment you can always sit down and work at that. I am predicting that 20 odd Years from now, when almost any one of you will be trying to raise two or three Children with one Hand and lift a Mortgage with the other, if some one came along and asked you to tell the difference between Syntax and Prosody you would tell him to Brush By.

"Far be it from me to Knock the Benefits of High School training. Although I received my Mental Discipline in a Brick Yard, I have always been Sore because I did n't get to wear Class Colors and learn one of these Siss-Boom-Ah Yells. I have worried along without a Diploma, and although shy on Latin and History, I have picked up a few points on doing the Other Fellow, which reminds me: I notice that nearly all of you take a long Run and Jump at the Almighty Dollar and the Ma-

chine in Politics. There seems to be a general Determination not to go out after the Shekels. What you want is Culture, and not the Coin. If you feel that way about it, you can Gamble that you will never have enough of it to make you Proud and Overbearing. Nobody is going to force it on you; in fact, my Experience is that it is pretty hard to Rake Up, even when you want it and want it Bad. Probably you have given more Thought to this Matter than I have, but if you don't mind being steered a little, I would suggest that you get what you can of the Long Green and afterwards arrange for a little Culture on the Side. In most Households now-a-days the Husband Rustles around and gets the Stuff and lets his Wife work the Culture End of the Game. Any time that he provides her with the Spondulix, she will bring Home enough Culture for Two, all right, all right.

"It seems, too, that the whole Bunch is going out to Root for Purity in Politics. I would be a Reformer Myself if I could find any one who would pay me a Salary for Kicking. As soon as I find a Reform Party compactly Organized and Cornering the Spoils, I will declare for it good and strong, and I hope you will all be with me. As nearly as I can find out, Politicians are not with the Machine because they are Stuck on it, but because they need the Money. They would be perfectly willing to Plug for the General Good if they could see Anything in it. As you grow older and get more Light on the Subject and some of your Friends begin to run for Office, probably you will take a more charitable View of Party Management.

"I will now ask you to come up and get your Sheepskins. Take this precious Certificate home and put it in a Dark, Cool Place.

A few Years hence when you are less Experienced, it will give you a Melancholy Pleasure to look at it and Hark back to the Time when you knew it all. Just one Word in Parting. Always count your Change, and if you can't be Good, be Careful."

And he sat down.

MORAL: *To avoid dealing with Facts, always have your Speech in your Pocket.*

The Fable of Woman's True Friend & The Hopeful Antique

HE Beauty Doctor sat in her Pink Reception Room hoping that she resembled her Lithographs. Her Income was a Dollar every time she took a Full Breath. She got it by selling Freckle Food and a Preparation for getting rid of Moles, called Moline. Her hot Specialty was to Calcimine the Has-Beens and feed them a little Ginger and send them into the Arena looking like Vassar Girls. It did not take her long to put an Extension on an Eye-Brow, and she could provide a Blush for those who had been going to Card Parties so

long that they had forgotten how to Blush. When she got after a Wild Hair the Hair simply threw up both Hands and quit. In a little Folder entitled "How to Fool Everybody except those who live in the Same House," she had proved that there was no Reason why a Girl of 60 should not look 19 if she put on enough Shellac and kept out of the Light.

The Beauty Doctor had seen many a Derelict float in for a new Coat of Armor Plate, but the Nobody's Darling that wafted in this Day established a Record. She was something like Poultry. That is, if she carried any Adipose, it did not show in her Face or Feet. And she would n't have torn under the Wing. She had a Bird's-Eye Maple Complexion and wore one of these Gowns that you get by measuring yourself with a String and sending Two Dollars. Without saying anything in Disparagement of her Private Character or deny-

ing that she may have been kind to her Relations, it may be added that she resembled a Daily Hint from the Short Timber.

"I saw your Card in the Bee-Keepers' Bazaar, and I have decided to back in for a few Repairs," said the Visitor. "If you can build me a Set of Curves the same as I see in the Cigarette Pictures and cause my Hair to Bush out and hang to the Belt Line the same as it used to in 1882, and give me some perfumed Dope that will restore a Peaches and Cream Complexion on or before May 1st, I will do the Generous Thing by you and pay Seven Dollars."

The Beauty Doctor seldom took the Count, but this was one of the Times. "My Private Secretary will take charge of your Case," she said faintly, and then she went into another Apartment and lay down.

The Private Secretary was the Last Resort.

He had no Conscience. For two seasons he had been a Cloak Salesman. "Surely you have not come here for Treatment," he said, smiling at the Caller. "You have the Shape that they are raving about in Paree this Spring, and we could not improve your general Tint no matter how many Coats we used. The quiet and unobtrusive Elegance of your Get-Up, combined with what Nature has so generously parcelled out to you, makes it unnecessary to attempt any Alterations. All that you need to do is to retain intact your present Category of Superlative Charms. This you can manage by a careful Perusal of our Book: 'How to stay Pretty.' It comes to Ten Louies."

So she had the Volume wrapped up and went away tickled.

MORAL: *The only Ones who need Patching are those who Think they need it.*

The Fable of This Year's St. George & The 800 Microscopic Dragons

OR many years a thoughtless Man had been plugging along, eating three Square Ones each Day, gaining about a Pound a Month, and not taking any Care of himself at all.

One Night he happened in on a Lecture Course to find out about the Germ Theory of Disease. When the Pictures were shot on the Screen, he learned that ordinary Drinking Water and many kinds of Food were chuck full of three-eyed Dinguses with curly Tails and long Feelers. The Lecturer explained that

when a few Flocks of these Organisms moved into a Gentleman and began to Play House and Nibble around, it usually meant that there was going to be another Order for Satin Lining and Silver Handles.

The Man who had been knocking around for Thirty-eight Years, drinking out of Hydrants and Troughs and eating any old Thing that could be Masticated, was Scared stiff when he realized how many thousands of times he had flirted with Death.

From that Moment he decided that he would not touch any Water unless it had been Boiled and Skimmed. When he could n't get Boiled Water, he would demand Vichy or Deep Rock or a certain Lithia containing Sillykilate of Polarium, which is Good for whatever you happen to have at the Time.

Occasionally he would forget and take a Swig of Plain Water, the same as other Peo-

ple were drinking. Then, when it was too late, he would recall those Pictures of the Germs, and he could make out a whole Menagerie of these little Animals grazing around through his Inwards and leading bold Expeditions into the most remote Corridors of his Being. After he had thought about them for a while, they would seem to be about the size of Oyster Crabs and sometimes it seemed to him he could feel their little Claws tickle when they were doing a Mobile Buck on the smooth Surface of his Diaphragm. He wondered what would happen to him when all of them started to Gnaw their way out.

He began to wear a haggard, persecuted Look. The Microbes were hiding at every Corner, waiting to pounce out at him. The crafty little Creatures were floating around in the Air and the only way to Baffle them was to breathe through a Sieve. They were camped

out by the Millions on a moldy Piece of Bread, while one Cubic Inch of Roquefort Cheese contained 14,500,000 of them, many of them Bearded and wearing curved Horns, the same as a Billy Goat. He began to drink Carbolic Acid. It is Horrible to know that while one is Slumbering, the brutal Bacilli are climbing up the Brass Bedstead and over the flowered Spread and tunnelling into the System from all Directions. When a Man begins to realize that he is merely a Repository for a large Zoo of Micro-Cannibals, he feels Unworthy and Discouraged.

This Man became so worried and apprehensive that he could not sleep of Nights. So he began to read up on Nervousness and learned that he would have to let up on Tea and Coffee and Cigars and Pastry and nearly everything else that he really liked. He put himself on a Diet of Asbestos Breakfast Bis-

cuit, and some other kind of Health Fodder which resembled the Excelsior Packing that comes around Lamp Chimneys. When he was Thirsty he had a little Sterilized Milk or a nice refreshing Cup of would-be imitation Coffee, made out of parched Barley. He began to take his Temperature and examine his Blood under a Microscope. When he discovered that a minute form of Tadpole was playing hide-and-seek among the Corpuscles, he gave a low Moan and ordered a fresh lot of Insect Powder.

Now it is well established that He who begins to scrutinize his Interior Economy and Brood over the conduct of the Germs that he happens to be Chaperoning, will get ready, sooner or later, to do what is known as the Appendicitis Act. Every time this Man had a Stitch in the Side, he went and Shaved himself and brushed his Hair and got ready to make

a neat, respectable Appearance on the Operating Table. Then the Doctor would come and go over him with a silver-plated Tack Hammer and try to locate the imaginary Lumps. It would require an awful Argument to convince the Man that he was All Right.

As might have been expected, he began to get Daffy on the Subject of Nutritive Qualities in Food. This was another wild Tack, for which the Scientific Works and the Health Hints in the Paper were responsible. At the Table he would poke suspiciously at the Dishes and want to know how much Nitrogen, Carbon, Starch, Dextrin, Sugar and Albumin they contained. It took away the Appetite of those who had to associate with him. Instead of going ahead and Eating, he merely monkeyed with Chemical Compounds and used his Stomach as a Retort. He began to exhibit the jerky Mannerisms of a Kansas

Reformer and it was whispered at the Office that he was slightly Touched. But he was not. He was simply making a consistent Effort to conform to the new-fangled Science of Living, and it was wearing him to a Rack of Bones.

One day in walked his Brother Thomas, who was travelling Auditor for an Investment Company. Thomas was Fat and Sassy, with a Patch of Red on each Cheek.

"Ah, Brother," said the Germ Gladiator. "I judge by your nippy Appearance that you have been subsisting on Gluten and dodging the Bacilli."

"What in Thunder are Bacilli?" asked Brother Thomas.

"Surely you are aware that the Universe lately has been overrun by small Bugs, invisible to the Naked Eye," said the Learned Brother. "If a Buff Bacillus with a Blue Stinger gets into you, it means Lumbago. If

one of the six-legged Fellows with a plaid Husk starts a Hatchery somewhere on your Preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for Spinal Meningitis, and so on. There are now over 800 Varieties running at large, seeking whom they may Devour. I have figured that it is impossible for any Person to escape them for any Length of Time. Our only Hope is to prepare for the Battle by eating petrified Wafers, drinking Anti-Septic and keeping a private Drug Store in the Closet. For three Months I have been in a hand-to-hand Struggle. I am still in the Ring, but I am getting wobbly. I never can tell what minute a Germ is going to sneak up behind me and Soak me good. It keeps one pretty Busy when one has to have one's Eye peeled for 800 different kinds, knowing that the whole Push has it in for One."

"That is Strange," said Brother Thomas. "I

have been all over the Country putting up at bad Beaneries, eating and drinking everything I wanted from Pie to Pilsner, drinking 87 different samples of Well Water in Country Hotels, and raising Cain generally. I have not carried any Drugs with me. Neither have I sat up at Night to throttle the Animalculæ when they came in through the Window to do me Dirt. How does it happen that I, who have taken no Precautions, am Strong as an Ox and feeling Boss, while You, who have been making such an intelligent Warfare on the little Rascals, look as if you were ripe for a plain white Cot in the Ward for Incurables?"

"It seems," said the Sufferer, "that the pesky Things show a Spirit of Retaliation. They get after the People who are trying to Investigate them."

MORAL: *Never Arouse a sleeping Germ.*

The Fable of Alexander from up the Road Whose Wife Took Him over the Jumps

NCE there was a Man named Alexander who lived in a Town that vibrated with Excitement for a full Week after a Donation Party. Most of the Town seemed to be waiting for a High Wind to come along and give it a fare-ye-well Lift, but there were two Brick Blocks with red Galvanized-Iron Cornices and a ginger-bread Court House that had put the rural Taxpayers into the Hole for 200 Years to come.

When a Stranger happened along every one who lived there told him it was a Nice Little

Town for fear that he would n't be able to find it out for himself.

Alexander owned a Plant in this Town. By Close Figuring he had succeeded in getting enough of the hateful Rhino to enable him to build a large pink-and-yellow House with more than $2,000 worth of jigsaw Scallops tacked all over it. The Wife of Alexander was Elvira and their Daughter was Farina, the Name having been found in a Cook Book.

When the Family sat on the Piazza of their Palatial Home the Sun got into their Eyes so that they were unable to Recognize the Common Run of Town People, who got along by delivering Milk and raising their own Truck.

Elvira and Farina went to Europe one Summer with a Personally Conducted Drove that had been Picked Up and Driven In from as far west as Walla Walla. They came home

with their Carry-Alls full of Junk and began to use a little French. Elvira had to brace herself and hold on to something when she got rid of a Long One. While doing the Grand Tour of the Hotels they had met some Lovely Gentlemen who wore Gloves even when they were not working around Horses. So it was pretty tough to come back and settle down among the Provincials who wore the $8.88 Kind from Eisenstein's.

Alexander began to observe a new Order of Things. Instead of putting the entire Supply of Victuals out on the Table so that All Hands could pitch in, Elvira had the Courses brought in a little Dab at a time. Alec put up a medium Holler, but he was overruled in such a Jiffy that he never Came Back. He had to learn to use an Individual Butter Dish and a Finger Bowl with a Fruit and Vegetable Exhibit sailing around in it.

It soon became evident that Elvira and Farina were getting too Swagger to be tied down to a Water-Tank. They wanted to hie away to the City, where they could mingle with their own Kind. Also Elvira wanted to get outside the Sphere of Influence of a lot of spiteful old Tabbies who had organized the I-knew-her-when Club. They had Elvira's Record just about right, including Names and Dates. They had put on their Vermilion and Feathers and were out Ghost-Dancing and waving their Tomahawks because Elvira had got so High and Lofty that she could n't see where they came in at all. They said she seemed to forget the Time when she had to give Lessons on the Melodeon and could have put all her Duds into a Hat Box.

When Alec's Factory went into the Combine and he Doubled his Stake then Elvira made the Star Play of her Life. The Trio got

into a Parlor Car and went right up to the City to drop a few Dividends into the Slot and take out more or less Social Prominence. Alec was going sideways and trying to derail the Expedition, but Elvira ordered him to take hold of her Dress and keep close behind and she would land him right in among the Chosen and Elect.

For a Time after arriving in Town they lived at a Hotel, but the Street Cars made so much Noise that no one heard of them being on the Scene. Alec began to get Lonesome, so he warmed up to the Porter at the Hotel and was getting Chummy with the Night Clerk when Elvira told him to Drop it, and said if they wished to be mistaken for the Real Thing they must give all Subordinates and Employés the dull Eye and pretend not to see them. Elvira had been looking over the Ground and she said that in order for

them to get into the Running it would be necessary to take a House out on the Avenue and begin to entertain every one who had a Drag. Alec proposed that they slip back to where they could be the biggest Ducks in the Puddle, but Elvira thought of the I-knew-her-when Club, and she said they had come up to get into Society and they were going to get in, even if they had to Dig a Tunnel.

The Family leased a large chilly house built in the Style of Louie the Something, and engaged an Englishman with a petrified Face to Buttle for them and began to go to Places where People did n't need Invitations in order to get in. Now and then Elvira or Farina would clutch Alec by the Arm and whisper, "Here comes one now," and then the Women Folks would hold their Breath while a Devil of a Fellow in John Drew Clothes and a Touch-me-not Front wafted by.

They explained to Alec that there was a Woman named Mrs. Wetherby-Glue, who had a little Book in which she kept a List of all the sure-enough, sassafras-scented specimens of the Aristocracy, and no matter how much Agony you threw on, if you were not in this Book, your Name was Dennis. So the Game was to induce this Hyphenated Lady to let down the Bars and stamp your Ticket.

After they had been thrashing around the Outposts for a few Months without seeing a Chance to slip through the Lines, Elvira decided to give a Dinner and invite all the Well-Known Characters they had met and make it a sort of an opening Wedge. When the Regrets came pouring in it seemed that every new Acquaintance was Indisposed or had Serious Illness in the Family or was compelled to Decline on account of a Recent Bereavement. Alec read all these Throw-Downs and

said there was one Consolation: If there was that much Sickness and Death in the local Four Hundred he figured that the whole Caboodle would be Extinct in a couple of Years and then he would be afforded a happy Relief from his Troubles.

Elvira and Farina were hanging on the Ropes for a few Days after the Fizzle, but they did not Give Up. They pulled themselves together and resumed Sawing Wood. They slathered Alec's Money on Subscription Lists and forced their way into all the Charity Dress Parades and got a large upholstered Pew right in the Parquet Circle of the Church attended by the Notables, and they positively refused to be Overlooked.

After three Years of Patient Endeavor they got their Wish, for all Things come to him who is so Resilient that he comes back into Shape every time the Band-Wagon runs over

him. Elvira and Farina and Alec were invited to Break Bread with Mrs. Wetherby-Glue.

"To-Night's the Night," said Elvira, trembling like an Aspen. "You want to be sure and Laugh every time the Mother Superior springs one of her Mots and remember that the little Cup early in the Deal contains Consommé and not Tea, so don't toss any Loaf Sugar into it or back to the Country we go."

After the Triumphant Event, when they were coming homeward in the Carriage, there was a Sound of subdued Cussing. It was Alec.

"I don't like to Beef," he said, "but I feel like the Farm Hand from Muscatine that counted out his Summer's Wages and then picked up the Wrong Shell."

"Cheer up," said Elvira. "It was a tolerably punk Evening, but thank goodness we have Arrived. By the way, where were you all during the Solemnities?"

"They had me tucked away behind the Shrubbery at the Foot of the Table," replied Alec. "A spare Lady and I were hiding down there together. She told me all about her Spitz Dog and I said 'Yes, Ma'am' over 800 times. I calculate that I have put in the Best Years of my Life and blown $40,000 to find out about that Dog. Stop the Hack. I want to get something to Eat."

And he got out and went into an Oyster Bay.

MORAL: *The cheapest and best Way to find out about Gay Society is to buy a 50-cent Book.*

The Fable of The General Manager of the Love Affair Who Demanded a Furlough

HREE Days before the Wedding was to be Pulled Off, Cupid sat on a Mantel in the Bachelor's Apartment and made a few Remarks to the scared Bridegroom.

"Old Pal, you are in for it," said the Roly-Poly Match-Maker. "You are Elected by a Pennsylvania Majority. I have got you to the Point from which there can be no Crawfishing. You could not Weaken now, even if you wanted to. If you have any lingering Doubts as to the Wisdom of this Jump, pray Forget them."

"I have no Doubts nor Fears," replied the Bachelor. "I have captured the sweetest Child that ever drew the Breath of Life. The Future is to be one long Pleasure Excursion in a rubber-tired Vehicle over an Asphalt Road with Syringa Bushes blooming on either side."

"That's the Style of Talk I like to hear," said the delighted Cupid. "I got you into this Mix-Up with my little Bow and Arrow and justly celebrated Love Philters and I am pleased to know that you are going to Stick. It was I who arranged that First Meeting at the Summer Hotel when you spotted her in the Red Jacket and the Short Skirt. You will recall the Fact that she did not wear any Hat. When you saw her with the Truant Locks blowing around her Eyes and the Dimpled Cheeks warmed by a bona-fide Blush, you began to walk sideways. When I lured the two of you out to the Links and observed

that you stood for her Slicing and Pulling and Doctored her Score, I saw that it was a Clear Case. It was I who shooed away the Intruders when you sat beside her on the Rustic Bench and gazed at her Foolish-Like, and wanted to let your Right Arm do its Duty, but you lacked the Nerve and feared that it might Queer Matters. It was your own little Cupid who finally convinced you that you could go ahead and get Busy without causing her to Faint or Shriek for Assistance. I braced you up to taking the High Hurdle after you had Balked a dozen times, and she was beginning to think that you were a Stick. As Superintendent of all those Happy Hours in the Hammock and the Boat Rides on the Lake, when she listened to your Singing and pretended to like it, I flatter myself that my Work speaks for itself. I have handled this Case to the Queen's Taste and now that the

Match has been Clinched by an Engraved Invitation and the usual Newspaper Notoriety, I feel that I am entitled to about Two Weeks' Vacation."

"But you are not going to Quit me at this Crisis, are you?" asked the Dismayed Bachelor. "Think of the Ordeal that the Family of the Bride and other Officious Friends have mapped out for us. In the dreadful round of Ceremonies now bearing down upon us, we need you more than ever."

"That may be," replied Cupid, "but about to-morrow Evening this Game will begin to be too hot for any mere Child, so I am going to take to the Deep Woods. I want to get away before you give your Farewell Kick-Up to the Best Man and the Ushers and other Rowdy Friends. It is now the Practice in our most polite Circles to get the Groom good and Ory-Eyed about twenty-four Hours before he

Steps Off and then have him keep his Edge until the whole Show is over and he is loaded on a Sleeper. A Bachelor Dinner with a lot of Broken Glassware, the Best Man crying into the Olives and some one named Horace asleep in the Corner, is no Place for a tender Infant. I will have to cut it out. And I must pass up the Exercises at the Church and the Reception at the House. Excuse me from getting packed in with a lot of Jay Relatives that you have to Ask out of Politeness. I have a perfect Horror of the Gentlemen's Dressing Room, where everybody will be taking Bromo and telling what time he got out of the Turkish Bath. Probably you will be a Sight, especially around the Eyes. Our Relations have been so Idyllic up to this Stage of the Proceedings that I could not bear to see you approach these Nuptials in a Trance. As for the Reception, I have no desire to be trampled

upon by 235 male and female Indians herded into a Residence built to accommodate about nine."

"It is going to be something Dire," said the Bridegroom, with a mournful shake of the Head. "However, I must see it to a Finish."

"I suppose you must," said Cupid, "but when the Florist, the Caterer, the fussy Female Manager and the Detective to watch the Presents, come in at the Door, Love flies out at the Window. Cupid cannot operate in a Crowd. If my gentle Influence could Prevail against the Power of Precedent, I never would permit you Two to stand in front of the Frozen Face and promise to Love, Honor and Obey. I am for the Whispered Vow in the Dusky Corner with two Folks sitting in a Chair built for one, but Nix the Circus Performance. I do not believe that True Affection

should be hauled out to Show Off before a curious Mob. And when the Gang begins to crowd up to kiss the Bride, that is when Cupid wants to be somewhere else. I never could see the Poetry in having a Pink-and-White Bride pawed over by a lot of Uncles and Aunts, to say nothing of Cousin Charley, who generally manages to Ring In as a Practical Joker. If I were you, I should Register a Kick."

"I'd like to, but it would n't do any good," said the Bridegroom. "All the imbecilic Customs must be observed."

"Yes," continued Cupid. "After you have tried to crowd a lot of Rich Food on a persecuted Stomach that looks up and says, 'Please Don't,' then you will start for the Train. At this Juncture the Rice-Throwing Comedian and the Wag who ties White Satin Ribbons on the Trunks will get in their

Cute Work. I suppose you will be very Jolly on the Train, with every one On to you bigger than a House. Little Oochkins will wear her Gray Going-Away Gown. She ought to call it her Gray Give-Away Gown. Whichever way you turn you will hear the Stage Whisper behind you, 'Look at 'em!' You certainly have a Hatful of Hilarious Moments ahead of you, I don't imagine. If Cupid had his Way, every Marriage Service would be enacted in the still Moonlight, with no $10 Preacher to give the Cues, and only the Peeping Stars as Witnesses. The Young Couple would repair at once to a Lodge in some Vast Wilderness, eighty-five Miles from a Hotel Clerk or a Fresh Drummer. But, as I am telling you, Love has no Voice during the so-called Festivities. When you begin to Frost the Cakes and hang Smilax on the Chandeliers, I fly the Coop."

"But you will return?" asked the Groom.

"I will wait until you have had your Fill of running the Gauntlet in Strange Hotels and cowering before Head Waiters," replied Cupid. "You will have to stay on your Tour for at least a few Weeks, just to prove that you can Afford it. When you come back and assume a Lease and count up your Presents and begin to Swap duplicate Pickle-Dishes and Lamps for something you can use in the Kitchen, I may look in on you. If you have managed to get along without having any Spats and are really anxious to keep away from the Inquisitive Public, I shall come around and scratch on the Door and possibly you will permit me to come in and take charge of your real Honeymoon. If I can get the coöperation of a good Cook, I think I may be able to show you a choice quality of Connubial Bliss. But I am off

the Contract until you get through with this Splurge."

And Cupid faded away.

MORAL: *If it were not for the Presents, an Elopement would be Preferable.*

10

The Fable of The Day's Work & The Morning After

PROMPTLY at 7.30 the Alarm Clock went off. The Rounder sat on the Edge of his Bed and wondered if there was Anything in it. His Tongue felt like a Rug. He was afraid to work his Face for fear it would Crack.

He took a Cold Plunge, rubbed some Pepper Sauce in his Hair, drank a Quart of Hot Water, gargled a Patent Preparation warranted to kill the Maroon Taste, and by that Time he was able to look at his Watch and realize that nobody in the whole World truly Loved him. He did not seem to have any

keen Craving for Breakfast, so he drank two large ruby-red Cocktails, smelling like Furniture Polish, just as an Appetizer. After he got them placed he sat at the Window for a while, watching the Landscape straighten itself out. He remembered that he had two or three Friends, after all, so he decided to give this Earth another Trial. Accordingly he ordered up as many Ham and Eggs as could be forced on one Platter and two Stacks of Buckwheat Cakes, and he kept on until he had extinguished the Cocktails.

At an Early Age the Rounder had read in McGizzick's Physiology that the Capacity of the Human Stomach is Three Pints. His Object in Life was to prove that McGizzick was away Off and must have got hold of a Youth's Size.

After the Rounder had smothered the Cocktails under 80 Cents' worth of Plain Food, he

started for his Office, where he met a Drummer, who took him out to talk Business. They opened two or three Cold Bots and ate a few hillocks of Cottage Cheese, Souse, Dill Pickles, Radishes, Blutwurst and Rye Bread with Caraway in it, because they were Free. Then the Rounder excused himself because he had a Date for Luncheon. This light Repast consisted of Blue Points, Gumbo Soup, Fried Spring Chicken, Baked Potatoes, Cheese and other Food for the Gods floated to its Destination in a mixture of Ale and Stout, sometimes known as Liquid Buckshot. In the Afternoon our Hero went to his Club and played Pool, and whoever had it put on him had to buy what made Milwaukee famous for the Others. Along in the Middle of the Afternoon the McGizzick Theory did not have a Leg to stand on.

At Dinner Time he keyed up on Aqua

Fortis and Bitters, which enabled him to take Nine Courses, with Red, White and Blue Irrigators to keep him Encouraged, and then four California Grapes for Dessert. By this Time, McGizzick, Author of the School Physiology, was a Liar by the Watch.

In the Evening the Rounder went to a Show. Between Acts he sauntered out with a few Western Gentlemen and seeped up frequent High Balls, accompanied by a little Snack of Oyster Crackers, the embalmed Herring known as the Blind Robin, Water Cress and Anchovies. After the Show they dropped in for their Broiled Lobster, Combination Salad, Welsh Rabbit and Nineteen Rounds of something to take. At a late Hour the Man who had demonstrated that McGizzick was an Ignoramus, went to his Brass Bedstead and lapsed into a State of Coma.

Next morning his Room was twisted. Some one had put a Bed of Live Coals under the Sheet. He felt as if he had swallowed a Steam Radiator and some one had gone down to repair it. He had a case of Bust-Head and a dry crackly Thirst. He sent for a Physician, and when the Learned Man came to make his Diagnosis, the Rounder said: "Doc, it's my own Fault. I ate some Grapes last Night."

MORAL: *Avoid Fruit.*

The Fable of The Sure-Thing Crook & The Town of Nubbinville

HERE was once a Grafter who would do anything for Money, except Work.

He had acted as Capper and Plugger for all sorts of Shady Enterprises. He had helped to operate every variety of Skin Game on the Farmers who come out of the Union Station carrying Telescope Valises and Shoe Boxes full of Lunch. He had given the quick Zing-Zing to Cattlemen who hang around and invite Trouble after they have drawn their Money. He stood in with the Police and knew an Alderman and the Law had no Terrors for him.

In fact, the Grafter thought he was one of the Brightest and Best. When the Fish were running and the Nets came up heavy he would wear a large Stone in front and smoke a 15-Center with a Gold Label on it.

One Spring there was an Election coming, so the Authorities suddenly discovered that the Town was Bad. They closed everything tighter than a Drum. The Pool Rooms, Poker Joints, Brace Faro Games, Policy Shops, Opium Dens, Crap Parlors, and in fact nearly all the Sporting Centers, except the Stock Exchange, put up the Green Shutters and went out of Business until the periodical Spasm had played itself out. The Police were so Vigilant that any one who dropped a Penny in the Slot to get a stick of Wintergreen Gum was taking his life in his Hands.

During this Season of Depression the ac-

complished City Grafter decided that he would go out among the Jays and try to scare up two or three Green Wrappers for his rapidly diminishing Roll.

He had a Scheme for coaxing Money out of those who want to get Something for Nothing. His Lay was to sell 18-Carat Jewelry at a Nominal Price, in order to introduce the Goods, and then put Real Money in the Boxes as an Extra Inducement. One Corner of the Greenback was allowed to Protrude as an Evidence of Good Faith.

The Grafter had a Satchel filled with Tin Jewelry and Alaska Diamonds, just received from the Glass Works, when he descended on a Flag Station called Nubbinville, which is near the Jumping-Off Place in Pike County. It was one of these Towns that seemed to be trying to hold two Farms apart. When you are passing it on a Train it Leaves Off and

you are out in the Country again before you have time to ask the Name.

The well-dressed Shark from the City hoped to do well. He stood up on a Dry-Goods Box at the Principal Corner and made a Hurry-Up Call and began to give away "Friendship" Rings in order to whet the Interest.

Just as he was elucidating his Unselfish Motives for the benefit of the Male Residents, who were looking up at him with their Mouths open, the Town Marshal came racking down the middle of the Street with a piece of Sapling in one Hand and a Star on his Coat.

The Marshal needed Money that Day. He drew a Salary every Month, but it was so Small that if it had been paid to him in Pig Iron he could have carried it Home all right. But he got his Bit every time he Pinched any one. So he had to Arrest somebody about

once so often in order to have enough for Groceries and Fuel. This Official did not find it advisable to put his Constits into the Cooler, because he was around every Year asking them to vote for him. But if a Hired Hand came in and accumulated a Sosh, or if any Stranger began to act New along Main Street, he was Jerked Up in less than no Time. And one of them Thimble-Riggers from the City was justly regarded as Meat.

So the Representative of the Dignity and Majesty of the Law broke through the Crowd and introduced himself.

"If you are the Town Marshal, as you say, I will ask you to remain here while I am giving my Lecture and Free Entertainment and if any one makes any Trouble, you arrest him," quoth the diplomatic Grafter.

But the Town Marshal was not to be stalled off. He said he wanted $2 for a License Fee

right away or he would put the Grafter into the Hen-House so quick it would make his Head swim. So the Grafter gave up Two and started in to mix up the Little Boxes and the Town Marshal arrested him for Swindling and led him over to the Calaboose.

The next thing to do was to send for the Squire.

He was out trimming a Hedge, but when he heard that there was some Easy Money down town, he put on his Black Coat and got out his Revised Statutes.

The Squire and the Town Marshal backed the Grafter up into one Corner of the Calaboose and made him stand for a Search. They found nearly $80 on him, so they advised him to get a Lawyer and told him they would do the Fair Thing by him and give him a Jury Trial.

The Marshal happened to have 12 Personal

Friends who had not been Working for a number of Years, so he went over to the General Store, where they were wont to Congregate and Criticize the Government, and summoned them to serve as Jurors. He told them it would not take long because the man was Guilty.

At the Trial the Prosecutor made a pathetic Spiel about the Honest Laboring Man who is done out of his Money by Designing Villains who live in the City. The Peers who were trying the Case shifted their Cuds and looked Serious. The Attorney for the Defendant collected his Fee in Advance and then advised his Client to Plead Guilty.

When the Evidence was in, the Squire gave the Twelve Good Men and True a few Instructions. He said if they found the Defendant Guilty they would receive $1.25 each in the Way of Fees. If they found him Not

Guilty they would get what the boy shot at.

The Jury was out about Four Minutes by the Watch. They Soaked him $10 and Costs; especially the Costs, because that was where the Home Talent came in. By the time the Squire, the Marshal, the Prosecutor, the Attorney for the Defence, the Clerk and the Twelve Jurors cut into the Eighty, they had it reduced to $53.75.

After the Prisoner had settled, the Squire took him aside and told him he hoped there would be no Hard Feelings as they merely done their Duty, and to prove to him that they didn't have it In for him, they would permit him to Sit in a little Game of Poker in the back room of the Harness Shop. They knew that he had the $53.75. The misguided Grafter thought he saw a chance to pull back some of his Stuff, so he willingly consented to hold a few Hands.

Now, a Man never knows what Poker is until he gets into one of these Country Games back of the Harness Shop. The Outsider who caroms against that Outfit might as well Hand them his Money when he goes in and then start for Home and get some Sleep. No matter how long he stays or how Close he plays them, the Local Combine is going to flounce him and flounce him Right, because they need the Money. They can't Lose. They are the Boys who invented Poker. They may not wear Link Cuff-Buttons or be Up on the Songs of the Day, but when it comes to Realizing on what they Hold they are so many Calla Lilies.

All the Money that went into that Cut-Throat Game was Money that the Grafter had brought into Town with him. The Squire, the Clerk, the Prosecutor, the Attorney for the Defence and the Marshal pulled off their

Coats and lit "Nellie Gray" Cigars and moved up to the Table, and by the Time they got through with Mr. Grafter they had the $53.75 and the Satchel full of Fake Jewelry, and he was putting up his Watch to get the Price of a Ticket to the Great City where the Slick People live.

MORAL: *For a proper Shake-Down take the Small Town.*

The Fable of The Foozle & The Successful Approach

VERY year a lot of Americans went over to London to rub up against the Aristocracy, if possible. One year two Men went over. They intended to hang around and look Wistful until the Nobility and Landed Gentry would take some Notice of them.

Each had a Scheme for securing Recognition.

The first chased himself to Regent Street and bought an entire Outfit of British Clothes. He began to use the sound of A as in Father and say Mean Things about the Boers. He

held his Hat in his Hand whenever he approached a Title. He went out of his Way to run down the vulgar Americans. Consequently he was walked upon and despised as a Toady.

The other Man allowed his Hair to grow down over his Collar. He wore a Buck Taylor Hat with a Leather Strap around it and kept it at an Angle of 45 degrees. He refused the B. and S. and demanded Cocktails. When he met an Englishman he called him Pard and held out his Flipper and said he 'd be catawampously Jiggered if he was n't all-fired Proud to meet him. He plucked the Tail Feathers from the gullorious Bird of Freedom and waved them defiantly at the Lion and the Unicorn. He said that the British Isles were merely a Breakwater for the Continent and would n't make a Patch on the Land of Liberty.

He was invited to all the Drawing-Rooms

because it was a Pleasure to meet such a breezy and Typical American.

MORAL: *When you are in Rome do as the Romans expect you to do.*

12

The Fable of The Old-Time Pedagogue Who Came Down from the Shelf and Was Sufficiently Bumped

NCE there was a hard-grained Old-Timer who was living in the Past. He dated back to the Time when the Man who could sport a Velvet Vest and a pair of Blue-Topped Boots was considered a Hot Member. He had been a School-Teacher when the Education of the Young came under the Head of Manual Labor. In that remote Period there was a deal of Respect for the Adage, "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child." The Rod was never Spared, and that is why all the Children grew up to be Self-Respecting Hus-

bands and Model Wives, if you don't care what you say.

In the Stone Age of our Public School System, the Teacher had to Board Around and was paid in Pelts. The wiry Pioneer Schoolmaster of the Coonskin Cap and the tangled Back Hair was blazing the way for co-educational Normal Schools and Mother Conventions. At that time the Old-Timer had been regarded as a first-class Instructor.

When he applied for a School in his Day and Generation he did not have to go before a Superintendent in a Black Cheviot Suit and tell why X is to Y as the Known is to the Unknown, or what Crops they gather on the Head Waters of the Orinoco. If the Applicant was big enough to throw a Horse and had licked the Bad Man of the Township at a Kissing Bee, he was given the School then and there. On the First Day he always

selected the Biggest Boy and got the Hammer-Lock on him and Wrassled him around on the Puncheon Floor and upset Furniture. If he made the Boy yell "Enough!" he was a Fixture, even if he did not know the difference between Diphthong and Semicolon.

The Scholars brought Red Apples to him, and he held the Book at a Spelling-Down, with no chance for an Argument.

Now it happened that the Old-Timer had a Daughter who had reached the Home-Stretch without being Asked, so she was Teaching. And she was keeping up with Advanced Methods, which were as a Sealed Book to the Old-Timer, who had not set foot within a School Room for more than forty-five Years.

One Morning the Daughter was Ill and told her Father he had better notify the Main Squeeze so that her Pupils could be given

a Holiday. The Old-Timer said there was no necessity of turning into the Street a Band of Children who were Panting for Knowledge and anxious to improve every Flying Moment. He said it was rather quiet around the Hardware Store and they could spare him, so he would go down and give the Rising Generation a slight Boost toward Useful Citizenship.

He went out and cut three Gads of about the size needed to convince a Mule. When the Children, with Faces shining bright, answered the Morning Bell, they found the Old-Timer seated at the Desk.

"Now, Children, which do we tackle first—Readin', 'Ritin' or 'Rithmetic?" he asked.

The assorted Batch representing Our Country's Hope gave him the Ha-Ha!

"Are you having Fun with me?" asked the Old-Timer, severely.

"You'd better have some one wake you

up," said a little Snip of a Girl who wore Glasses. "Who has been Stringing you? The idea of our trifling with the Rudiments you mention is really Ipskalorious."

"That's what they used to Teach," said the Old-Timer, who was so Flustered that he had to Spar for Wind.

"It must have been a long time since," said the Fresh Little Girl. "You don't look as if you had been On Earth since the Year of the Big Wind. If you don't know how to get away with this Job, you ought not to go against it. You are what Charles Francis Adams would call a Peachalorum."

"I do not know who Charles Francis Adams is, and I never saw a Peachalorum, but I am the Boy in charge here to-day, and I refuse to be Joshed," said the Old-Timer, with some Asperity. "If the Curriculum does not consist of the Three R's, will some one of you

precocious Tikes put your old Uncle next to what you do study?"

"I will give you a few Points, seeing that you are stalled," said a very small Urchin. "First we design Wall-Paper, then we dissect a Rat, after which we have French and Calisthenics, and finish up with a few Stunts in Botany and Entomology."

"What in the Name of all Git-Out is Entomology?" interrogated the Old-Timer.

At this Bad Break there was more Scornful Laughter. The Little People certainly had the Old-Timer looking like Mexican Money with Holes in it. Every time they knocked him a twister he Fumbled it and fell over in the Tall Grass.

"Back to the Mines, Grandpa!" shouted one Roguish Youngster in the Back Row.

Then all of them began to Talk about him in French, which he could not understand.

They said he was a Hommard, the same being French for Lobster.

"Stop all this Hifalutin' Tomfoolery," exclaimed the Old-Timer, with Rising Anger. "Talk United States and don't Jabber. How are you on the Spell?"

"We don't Monkey with Spelling any more," replied the Boy. "We simply start in and learn to Read the first Crack out of the Box."

"Well, since you are so Gay, let me ask you if you can make a Bird in the Free-Arm Movement without taking the Pen from the Paper?"

"Say, you must be a Fossil of the Lower Silurian Epoch," said the boy. "Whoever dug you up ought to have Labelled you and put you in a Cabinet. We don't make Scrolls any more. The Vertical System is now the Whole Thing."

"And I guess that 'll Hold you for a While," added the Biggest Boy in the Room. "I think you 'll Lie Quiet for a few minutes after that Last One."

"Where do all you Sophisticated Brats get your Rich Vocabulary of Slang?" asked the Old-Timer, who was now thoroughly Warm under the Collar. "Is that included in your Course of Studies also?"

"No, we acquire that at Home," said the Little Girl who had first spoken.

"Yes, and most of you have acquired about three Quarts too much for your own Good," said the Old-Timer. "I may be a few Stacks shy on this Billy Baxter Style of Kidding and I don't claim to know how to cut up a Rat or design a Bolt of Wall-Paper, but I think I can give all of you several Homely Hints on General Deportment and Respect for your Elders."

With that he produced one of the Gads and made a Come-Along Sign to the Biggest Boy.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Boy, turning pale.

"You," was the Response, for the Old-Timer was On to a few of these Farce-Comedy Gags.

"Surely you must know that Corporal Punishment has been relegated to the Archives of our Educational System and violates every Tenet of the new Science of Mind-Culture," said the Boy.

"I have not read This Year's League Rules," said the Old-Timer, "but I know what is Coming to you."

"We must be governed by Moral Suasion," said the Argumentative Youth. "If I am not susceptible to the ordinary Discipline, then I may be Punished by being Dismissed from the Room."

"I don't call it Punishment unless you can count the Welts," said the Old-Timer. "I attribute my own Success as Book-Keeper in a Hardware Store to the Fact that I was pounded Black and Blue at least three times a Week, all during those Happy Days at the Little Red School-House. The only Way to dispel the Latent Cussedness from a Child's System is to Thrash it out."

Saying which he grabbed at the Boy, who broke ground and Feinted with his Left and worked the Fitzsimmons Shift and had the Old-Timer spinning like a Top. Then the Boy did the Jab-and-Retreat Act a few times and waited for an Opening before he put in the famous Corkscrew Punch and terminated the Battle.

They helped the Old-Timer back into his Chair and dusted his Clothes and explained to him that there was a Gymnasium in connec-

tion with the School, having a retired Welter-Weight as Instructor in Physical Culture.

"You should have slipped in an Upper-Cut when he spread his Guard," said the Little Girl with Glasses, as she straightened his Cravat for him. "You certainly had your Nerve with you to take on our Plunging Half-Back, who has been in Training all Fall."

"Children, you are one too Many for me," said the Old-Timer, meekly. "I am a Has-Been of the First Water, and I give in before Moral Suasion. School is dismissed."

MORAL: *Stay with the Procession or you will never catch up.*

13

The Fable of The Man Who Was Going to Retire

BUSINESS Slave was pulling like a Turk so that his Wife could wear three Rings on every Finger. Also, he wanted to put aside something for a Rainy Day. He put it aside as if expecting another Deluge.

He always said that he was going to Retire when he had Enough. When he was 20 years old he hoped to amass $10,000. At 30 he saw that he would not be able to peg along on less than $100,000. When he was 40 he realized that a Man that did n't have a Million was little better than a Tramp. At 50 he wanted

to make the Elkins-Widener Syndicate look like a band of Paupers.

At 60 he still promised himself that he would retire. Just as soon as he had cabbaged everything Getatable, then he was going to lie back in an Invalid Chair and read the 18,000 Books he had collected, but he had not found time to cut the Leaves.

In order to get ready for his Lay-Off he built a Home in the Country. He told the Architect to throw himself on something compared with which Windsor Castle would be a Woodman's Hut. He decided on a Deer Park, a Poultry Farm and Ancestral Oaks, so as to have something Ancestral.

He put up a Shack that reminded one of the State Capitol at Springfield. It was big enough for a Soldiers' Home. The Family consisted of himself and his Wife, and the Architect allowed them 19 Bath-Rooms apiece.

The Rugs and Tapestries cost $1.75 a Thread. Every Painting was fresh from the Salon and had the Cost-Mark attached to show that it was Good Goods.

When the Place was completed he handed the Business over to the Junior Partners and went out to Rest. He turned on all the Fountains and ordered the Birds to strike up. The Dream of his Life had come True. He had no Cares, no Responsibilities. All he had to do was sit there and watch the Grass grow.

He enjoyed it for nearly 25 minutes and then he began to Fidget, so he went and sat in the Marie Antoinette Room for a while and counted the Stripes in the Fresco. Afterward he took a Turn about the Grounds and came back and wondered if everything was running along all right at the Office.

"Gee, but this is Tame!" said the Retired Hustler. "I think I 'd better take a little Run

into Town to be sure that the Under-Strappers are not making a Botch of it."

At 11 o'clock he was back at the Old Stand, hovering about like an Uneasy Spirit. He looked over the Correspondence and dictated a few Letters and got the Noise in his Ears and he began to feel Good again.

His Associates told him to clear out and play with the Deer and the Prize Chickens.

"I have been Associating with them all Morning," was the Reply. "They did not seem disposed to close any Contracts, so their Society palled on me. Besides, I have been looking around and see that you can't get along without me. Furthermore, it is all Tommy-Rot for a man of 68 and just entering the Prime of Life to talk of Retiring."

When the Reaper finally came the old Gentleman was found in the Tread-Mill but he was still counting on making use of the

Country Place, next Year or possibly the Year after.

MORAL: *One cannot Rest except after steady Practice.*

14

The Fable of The Bookworm and The Butterfly Who Went into the Law

TWO Brothers started away to College at the same Time. Just before they boarded the Train, Pa led them aside and handed them some splendid Advice. He told them that they were now ready to mold their Futures. He said he wanted them to stay in of Evenings and Bone hard, and he hoped they would mind the Faculty and keep away from the Cigarette Fiends who play the Banjo and talk about Actresses. He wanted them to stand high in their Classes and devote their Spare Moments to Reading rather than to the

Whimsies and Mimical Fooleries of a University Town.

William listened solemnly and promised to Behave. Cholley fidgeted in his Chair and said it was nearly Train-Time.

So they rode away on the Varnished Cars, William reading about the Goths and Vandals and Cholley playing Seven-Up with a Shoe Drummer from Lowell.

At the University William remembered what Pa had said, so he cooped himself up in his Room and became a Dig and soon enough was greatly despised as a Pet of the Professors. Cholley wore a striped Jersey and joined the Track Team and worked in to the Glee Club. He went to his Room when all the other Places had closed up. Every Time a Show struck Town he was in the Front Row to guy the Performers and pick up some new Gags. He went calling on all the Town Girls

who would stand for his Fresh Ways, and he was known as the best Dancer in the Ki Ki Chapter of the Gamma Oopsilon Greek Letter Fraternity. The Reports sent Home indicated that William was corralling the Honors in Scholarship and Cholley was getting through each Exam by the Skin of his Teeth, but he had been elected a Yell Captain and could do his 100 Yards in Ten Seconds Flat. Pa would write to Cholley now and then and tell him to Brace Up and give him a Hunch that Life was full of Sober Responsibilities and therefore he had better store his Mind with Useful Knowledge and Chop on all the Frivols and Fopperies, whereupon Cholley would write back that he needed Fifty by Return Mail to pay for Chemicals used in the Laboratory.

By the Time that both were Seniors, William had grown a fuzzy Climber in front of each Ear and was troubled with Weak Eyes.

He always had a Volume of Kant under his Arm and seemed to be in a Brown Study as he walked across the Campus. Cholley kept himself Neat and Nobby and seemed always Cheerful, even though he had two or three Conditions to his Discredit and had only an Outside Chance of taking his Degree. He was Manager of the Football Team, and he had earned the affectionate Nickname of "Rocks." He was a great Hand to get acquainted with any Girl who dared to show herself near the Halls of Learning and by constant Practice he had developed into a Star Chinner, so that he could Talk Low to almost any one of them and make her believe that of all the Flowers that ever bloomed she was the one and only $30,000 Carnation.

William kept away from Hops and Promenades because he remembered what Pa had said about the Distracting Influence of Frip-

peries and the Twittle-Tattle of Artificial Society. The only Girl he knew was a Professor's Sister, aged 51, with whom he was wont to discuss the Theory of Unconscious Cerebration. Then he would drink a Cup of Young Hyson Tea and go Home at 8.45 P. M. Cholley at about that Time would be starting out in his Primrose and Dockstader Suit to write his Name on Dance Cards and get acquainted with the Real Folks.

On Commencement Day William received the Cyrus J. Blinker Prize of a Set of Books for getting the Highest General Average of any one in the Class. Cholley just managed to Squeeze Through. The Faculty gave him a Degree for fear that if it didn't he might come back and stay another Year.

After they had graduated, Pa gave them another Talk. He said he was proud of William, but Cholley had been a Trial to him.

Still he hoped it was not too late to set the Boy on the Right Track. He was going to put both of them into a Law Office and he wanted them to Read Law for all they were worth and not be lured away from their Work by the Glittering Temptations of Life in a Big City. William said he was prepared to Read Law until he was Black in the Face. Cholley said he would n't mind pacing a few Heats with Blackstone and Cooley now and then, if he found that he could spare the Time. The Father groaned inwardly and did not see much Hope for Cholley.

When the two Sons became Fixtures in the Office of an established Law Firm, William kept his Nose between the Leaves of a Supreme Court Report and Cholley was out in the other Room warming up to the Influential Clients and making Dates for Luncheons and Golf Foursomes.

Within three Months after they started at the Office, William had read all the Books in the Place and Cholley was out spending three weeks at the Summer Home of the President of a Construction Company, who was stuck on Cholley's Dialect Stories and liked to have him around because he was such a good Dresser and made it lively for the Women.

Out at this Country Place it happened that Cholley met a Girl who did n't know how much she was worth, so Cholley thought it would be an Act of Kindness to help her find out. When he sat out with her in the Cool of the Evening and gave her the Burning Gaze and the low entrancing Love Purr that he had practised for Four Years at the University, she stopped him before he was half finished, and told him that he need not work Overtime, because he was the Boy for Nellie.

She said she had had him Picked Out from the Moment that she noticed how well his Coat set in the Back.

In one of the large Office Buildings of the City there is a Suite finished in Dark Wood. At a massive roll-top Desk sits Cholley, the handsome Lawyer, who is acquainted with all the Club Fellows, Society Bucks and Golf Demons. When a Client comes in with a Knotty Question, Cholley calls in a Blonde Stenographer to jot down all the Points in the Case. Then the Client departs. Cholley rings a Bell and Brother William comes out of a Side Room with his Coat bunched in the Back and his Trousers bagged at the Knees. His Cravat is tied on one Side only and he needs a Shave, but he is full of the Law. Cholley turns all the Papers over to him and tells him to wrestle with the Authorities for a few Days and Nights. Then William slips

back into his Hole and Humps himself over the calf-bound Volumes while Cholley puts on his slate-colored Gloves and Top Coat and goes out to where Simpson is holding a Carriage Door open for him. He and Nellie take the air in the $2,200 Victoria that he bought with her Money and later in the Day they dine with the Stockson-Bonds and finish at the Theater.

Cholley often reflects that it was a great Piece of Foresight on Pa's part to counsel Studious Habits and Rigid Mental Discipline, for if William had not been a Grind at College probably he would not have proved to be such a Help around the Office, and although William gets the Loser's End of the Fees and is never Called on to make a Witty Speech at a Banquet given by the Bar Association, he has the Satisfaction of knowing that he is the Silent Partner of the best-

dressed Attorney in Town and one who is welcome wherever he goes.

MORAL: *There are at least two Kinds of Education.*

15

The Fable of The Third & Last Call

PUBLIC Official presiding at a Marriage-License Counter put his Head through the Window and shouted "Next!"

There sidled up a well-seasoned Girlie who said she would take a $2 Writ of Attachment which she might use in gagging and binding a Helpmate.

"What is the Victim's Name?" asked the Clerk.

"You can search me," was the reply. "I wish to goodness I knew. I've been waiting for him ever since the War. I can't imagine what keeps him."

"What good is a License unless you have your Prey already in the Stockade?" asked the Official.

"I want one with a Space left blank, so that I can use it in a quick Emergency," she replied. "I can't afford to take Chances. It is getting too late in the Afternoon. Eighteen Years ago I sent my Heart's Idol out for the Parchment that would legalize our undying Love, but he happened to get on a Green Car instead of a Yellow one. He missed the Court House two miles and caught a Train for Los Angeles. I had to sit up for two Nights picking the Initials out of my Trousseau. Another time I planted one in a Waiting-Room while I went after the Permit. A Girl came in to dust the Room and he had to move, so I haven't seen him since. Next time I get one in Chancery there will be immediate Doings. I will simply say 'You're On'

and flash the Document. And then if he runs away he will have to carry a lot of Weight."

MORAL: *Never put off until To-Morrow what should have been done early in the Seventies.*

The Fable of The Crustacean Who Tried to Find Out by Reading a Book

NCE there was a Man who lived in the same Hall Bed-Room for 14 Years. It was a snug little Box-Stall. There were raspy Lace Curtains on the Windows. The Man used to scratch Matches on them. Also there were two Paintings. One was either a Landscape or a Marine, and the Second represented a Male Gazelle with his Hair combed the Way the Barber will comb it unless you stop him.

The Roomer would come Home about once a Day and climb over the Paste-Board Trunk

and look out at the Roof of the adjoining House, and then decide to Go Out and stay as Late as possible. He ate at a Restaurant in which Tall Waitresses with Belladonna Eyes and False Frizzes showed a Partiality for the Customers who Waxed their Mustaches. He was accustomed to Bolt his Food, while some one named Gert leaned a Tray against him and entreated Laura in the Kitchen to Cut a Hot Mince and let the Fried Sweets come along with the Medium Sirline.

When he received his Biennial Bid to go around to some Private House he took his Chop-House Manners with him. He would feel around his Plate for the little Yellow Ticket with the Granulated Sugar caked on it, and perchance he would ask the Maid if she had an Evening Paper lying around loose.

He had formed certain Habits inseparable

from the Rank Outsiders and the Hoi Polloi. It was Second Nature for him to plant both Elbows on the Table and use the Celery as a Whisk Broom, and try to balance the Knife on the Fork, and spill some Salt on the Table-Cloth and write his Name in it with a Tooth-Pick. He needed a Check-Rein and Hobbles to hold him back in his Chair and keep him from Playing with the Table-Ware.

About the Time that he was 40 and a confirmed Reuben, he got in with the Rise in Industrials, and the Wave of Prosperity carried him out of the Hall Bed-Room and landed him in a Suite that he called a Suit.

He crowded his Luck and Parleed his Bets. Things came his way and he decided that he might as well begin to Mingle with the Face Cards and make up for Lost Time. He had read in a Bitter Editorial somewhere that any

one who had the Stuff could work the Open Sesame on the 400, and he was willing to relinquish a few Shares of Atchison Preferred in order to see his Name linked with those of the Butterflies of Fashion. He had noticed that every one Made Fun of the People in Society and tried to get Acquainted with them, and he was Willing to be a Member of the Despised Faction.

A Piano-Player who went right into the Best Houses, unless they happened to hear about it in Time, said he would Fix it for him. So the Hall Bed-Room Man had a lot of Clothes made with Silk Lining, whether it showed or not, for he was Determined to be the real Peruvian Doughnuts, and there was n't a Thing to it.

He realized that he would have to get some Inside Information on Etiquette, Table Manners and Good Form, but he thought about

three Lessons would put him in Condition to Saunter into any Drawing Room and set Everybody to Whispering about him.

There were just a few Points that he wanted to straighten out before he took his Header into the Swim. He had heard that a True Gentleman must or must not wear a Bob-Tailed Coat with a Tall Hat, but he could not remember which. Furthermore, he had a Dim Idea that any one wearing a Tuxedo would have to cut out the Tan Shoes or else have the Lorgnettes pointed at him. He had heard, also, that it was considered Rough Work to eat Peas with a Spoon, or possibly a Fork, or perhaps a Knife. So he always passed up the Petits Pois when any one was watching him, and merely ate a little Bread with a Fork, because that was a Cinch.

The Piano-Player had suggested to him in

a roundabout Way that any one who put a Napkin inside of his Collar or wore a striped Bow with Full Dress would be shell-roaded, and never to wear Yellow Gloves at a Ball, or it would be a Case of the Blue Wagon.

He found it was quite a Jump from a Hall Bed-Room and a Home-Cooked Meal for 25c. to the Society of Large Gloomy Ladies who used the Side of the Spoon instead of the End. He began to understand that he had shouldered quite a Contract when he tried to break away from the Herd and run forward with the Bell-Cows.

Still, he made a Flying Start. The Piano-Player worked him into a Dinner Party. The Hostess did not want to have just Thirteen at the Table, and that is how the Hall Bed-Room Man wedged in. He received his Invitation at 6.15, and at 6.45 he was on the Spot with a new Pair of Patent Leathers.

He noticed that he was the only Gentleman present who wore Opal Studs, with a Black Handkerchief folded across the Abdominal Region so as to produce a Dressy Effect. He feared that he was not as de Rigeur as some of the Boys that had been in the Game for a Season or more, and it Rattled him so that he used the Large Spoon for the Blue Points and the Coffee Spoon for the Potage. He tried to watch the Others to see which Implement to pick up next, but most of them were taking Desperate Chances, the same as he was. By the Time he reached Ice Cream he had no Tools left except a cute little Harpoon and something that looked like a Surgical Instrument.

He rather Tripped up on the Conversation too, for he had not learned to play Golf and never had been to see the Rogers Brothers. Once he thought he saw an Opening, and he offered to show his new $200 Watch, but

every one started to Talk about something else, and the Piano-Player kicked him under the Table.

He went home from the Dinner wondering if he would n't do better on the Night Shift at the Glue Works than in the Front Row at a Function.

When a Woman sent him her Card with "Thursdays" written in the Lower Left Corner, he did n't know whether he should Write, Mail a Card, send Flowers, or regard it as an Effort on her part to make a Date.

He saw that there were a great many Fine Points in the Society Racket that were New Ones on him.

So he went out and bought a Little Book written by a Space Man living in a Stag Hotel, informing People how to Behave so as to give the Impression that they were Well-Bred, no matter what the Facts might be.

He went up to his Suite and read the Book and discovered that during the whole 40 Years of his life he never had done anything According to Hoyle.

He had been accustomed to carry his Laundry with him each Saturday Evening. The Book said that carrying a Bundle in the Street was a little worse than Sheep-Stealing, and almost as bad as beating a Crippled Child with a Mallet.

He nearly choked with Shame when he read that any one who played a combination of Frock Coat and low Derby was guilty of a Misdemeanor, and to omit the Stick or Umbrella was nothing short of a High Crime.

It said that all Vegetables should be carried on the Fork. He did not believe it could be done. He was no Equilibrist.

He read that Men must not wear Jewelry. He had always supposed that no Man could

be out-and-out Genteel on anything less than 14 Carats.

Then there was something more about the Spoon. Any one leaving a Spoon in the Cup could be set down as a Boor, whatever that meant. And any one breaking Crackers into the Soup deserved to be Drawn and Quartered.

But what Stopped him was the Warning that no one drinking from the Saucer could be tolerated in the Best Circles. He wondered if a Man ought to Scald himself, merely to be Correct.

When he concluded the Book and perceived that he had invariably violated every Rule from A to Z, he knew that he did not belong, and never would, so he blew out the Gas, and they found Him there in the Morning.

MORAL: *To insure Peace of Mind, ignore the Rules and Regulations.*

16

The Fable of The Low-Down Expert on the Subject of Babies

OUNG Parents have a way of bragging about their Offspring. Once there was a Mean Man who became weary of their Talk. He knew that each Couple thought that its own particular Cherub was the most Precocious one that ever occurred. But he did not care to hear all about it, so he delved into the Libraries and read all the known Works on the subject of Babies and when he had finished he was Loaded and Primed for any Cocky Young Parent.

When a grinning and enthusiastic Papa

tackled him in the Street and took up his Time with a Story of how little Robbie, only Seven Months Old, could say "Moo" like a Cow, then this Ornery Cynic would pull out his little Book and cite the Case of a Child in Lynn, Massachusetts, who, at the age of Five Weeks, could Imitate a Cow, and say "Dada" whenever the Male Parent came into the Room. He showed a little Table of Statistics indicating that the Average Age at which Infants begin the "Moo" Specialty is about Five Months, so that Robbie was really Backward and some one ought to advise him to Smoke Up.

One Day a Mother cornered him and exhibited her first and only Izzy-Wizzy and asked him if he had ever seen a Child of that Age with such a full Head of Hair. If he had been the ordinary, polite Hypocrite, he should have expressed Amazement and Delight at

the Growth, but he was a Moral Hero with a Mission to perform, so he let her know about a Baby in Michigan that had to have its hair braided in three long Queues at the age of Three Weeks. After that the Mother never spoke to him again.

He could prove by Huxley that the Grunting Sounds and the Facial Grimaces were not indications of an Early Intelligence bestirring itself, but were caused by Wind on the Tummy.

In Company one Evening a beaming Papa and Mamma were handing a small, squshy one around from one Guest to another and listening to the Heartfelt Declarations of Rapture. They called the Mean Man's attention to the Fact that the Darling was willing to go to any Stranger, and asked him if he did not consider it Unprecedented. By way of Reply he brought out some Notes from Scientific

Works, proving that a Small Child always shows a Discriminating Affection and a Distrust of Unfamiliar Faces, unless its Faculties are Stunted. He said the Records would show that a Child who will warm up to any Caller usually develops into an Easy Mark for Life Insurance Agents and Confidence Men.

He knew just when the first Tooth ought to be through the Gum, and at what Age a Tot should manage to Stand by holding on to a Chair, and how soon it ought to begin to speak Pieces and sing "Little Birdy in the Tree."

It gave him Cruel Joy to prove to Parents that one Baby was about the same as another and that all the Star Performances of little Itchy-Kitchy Pet had been duplicated at least a Million Times in other Nurseries.

By following these Cold-Blooded Tactics he protected the General Public against one

Variety of Bore, but when the Mothers got together of an Afternoon he was read out of Decent Society and the time came when he never received an Invitation to Dinner.

MORAL: *Let on to be Interested and Pleased.*

17

The Fable of The Girl Who Could Compromise in a Pinch

ENTIMENTAL Totty told the Girl Friends all about her kind of Man. She said she would drop the Flag on all Farmers. If she could n't get one in the Scratch Division she would do without.

"The Man who wins my cardiacal Regard must be Tall and Dark, with Raven Hair tossed back from a Brow of Alabaster Whiteness," she said, as she reached for another Olive. "He must be Brave, yet Gentle. I would have him a Chesterfield as to Manners and as Bright as Winston Churchill. In

Thought and Speech he must be pure and unsullied. Withal, he is to be Strong and Manly. He who would hold down my Rocking Chair must be a Chivalrous Gentleman, and don't you forget it."

That evening a Red-Headed Boy wearing striped Flannels and smoking a Bulldog Pipe came to the Front Gate and Whistled. She upset four Flower Pots in getting to him.

MORAL: *Nothing ever works out according to Specifications.*

The Fable of The Satiated Globe-Trotter Who Found a New Kind of Nerve Twister Waiting for Him at Home

E was a cold-blooded Tourist who had been Everywhere.

He had seen so many Sights that now nothing could Move him. Everything under the Shining Canopy had become Dull and Ordinary. He was a Track-Sore Performer.

When this Case-Hardened Traveller came back to the Inland Town in which his Family had been set up as the Sacred White Cow for several Generations, it was not because the Burg appealed to him, but because he

had Done the World so Thoroughly that all Towns looked alike to him.

For he had run the Gamut of Excitement. What he had Been Through would make a Jules Verne Narrative sound like one of the Elsie Books.

He had been mixed up in so many Stirring Adventures that it was about a Tie between him and Roosevelt.

And now he returned to his Old Home, that had no Attractions except a Free Reading Room and a Basket Ball Team. He felt that he had Played his String and gone his Length. He was what one might term Blasé, although it is not hard to be That in a town which pronounces it Blaze.

He seldom came off of the High Horse or let down from the Pose. He did not Cotton to the Humble Joys of Middle-Class Americans. It was a Matter of Pride with him that

his Pulse never jiggled and his Temperature never scooted up to Fever Heat. Any Show of Emotion was regarded as Vulgar.

When the whole Country was having its Quadrennial Epileptic Convulsion, known as the National Campaign, he did not so much as remember the Names of the Candidates.

He went to an Arena to see a Championship Battle between two Grand Little Boys who did 133 at the Ringside. It was a Twenty-Round Quarrel, full of Gore and Knock-Downs, but it never gave him a Tingle. While the Saloon Men were shrieking to the Participants to Beat his Block off and Jam him in the Kisser, the jaded Traveller sat and read a little Book of Sonnets that he had Picked Up in London. After the Kid had been carried out of the Ring, looking like a Hamburger Steak, the Globe-Trotter looked up Wearily and asked what the

Score was. It was the same as Cricket to him.

Even at a Foot Ball Game he was Calm as a Graven Image. He never Batted an Eye when the Peerless Half-Back went down the Field like a forked Flash of Lightning, leaving the Gridiron strewn with writhing Giants who were sure to get their Pictures in the Paper, with a Toss-Up between the Obituary Column and the Sporting Page. At the Supreme Moment, when ten thousand Partisans got up on their Hind Legs and yowled like Coyotes and the Girls squealed and fell between the Chairs and loosened their Back Hair, it was then that the Human Refrigerator sat there regarding his Finger Nails and wearing the small dry Smile of the Chap who is Dreadfully Bored.

He was undoubtedly the Champion Wet Blanket. It seemed that nothing short of

Electrocution would have sent a Thrill up the Back of His Neck. He could lean up against a Hot Water Pipe and have it Stone Cold on the Count of Ten.

He had what People who know a little French call an Awful Case of the Ennui. Nothing interested him and nothing displeased him. He was Supremely Indifferent. He was the kind that gets up and Saunters out of the Theater when all of the Common Run have Goose Pimples up and down them and their Eyes bulging out, wondering whether the Heroine is going to Come Back at the Nobleman with a Dirk or accept the Money and Fly with him.

One Evening he went to a Party because it was too much Trouble to send Regrets. He sized up the Assemblage with a lack-luster Eye while seated on a Moorish Divan, made in Grand Rapids, Mich. Near him sat a Young

Thing with a Baby Stare, whose Brain-Throbs ran about four to the Minute. Her Photograph may be seen in front of any Gallery. She was not a World-Beater as to Shape, Style or General Get-Up. She was Young, but not too Young. The Market Man would have called her a good sizable Broiler. The Globe-Trotter had seen whole Flocks of the Same Kind coming out of Candy Stores and Wednesday Matinées. In Budapest and Paris he had passed up Dozens who had her beaten a Block. And yet she was It.

She sort of squiggled over to make room for other Young People, and her Elbow happened to touch lightly the Dress Coat of the Cold Storage Proposition. He felt a couple of Volts enter his System, and he began to Curl like an Autumn Leaf. He had hunted through Mesopotamia and Matabeleland for a New Sensation without getting it, but he found it

good and plenty then and there. He had heard of the Magnetic Girl, or the Georgia Wonder, but he had not believed that any living Maiden could send the Current crackling into him, for he was a Non-Conductor, and Insulated besides. But little Daisy, the Coming-Out Girl, did the Trick.

He started to Talk to her, but it was Good-by to the Careless Ease of Manner, for he was in a Trance. She held to a Button on his Coat and looked up into his Eyes and chirped about the Favors and the Wax on the Floor, and he felt himself wafted away on a Fleecy Cloud. He, the Cast-Iron Veteran, who had left strange, dark Women pining on Distant Shores, because he would not Warm Up, and whose Pride and Boast it had been that nothing could Jar him, was now scally-hooted to the Queen's Taste, with his Nervous System full of Hard Knots.

His Pulse pounded like a Steam Riveter. Every Chandelier in the Room became a revolving Pin-Wheel. Some one had built a Fire under him, and he was slowly Broiling in an Agony of Confused Happiness. She treated him to more White-Hot Emotions in Ten Minutes than he had found in Years of Travel.

All that Night he followed Daisy around like a Trained Collie, and when he saw her dancing with vealy Sophomores and pinning Flowers on them, he went out into the Conservatory, where he upset Flower Pots and gnawed the Geraniums.

Next Day he wrote a Note and sent Orchids and called her up on the 'Phone and walked past the House two or three times. He could not Eat, and he had to put Cold Water on his Temples and take Nerve Food.

He called every Evening unless she headed

him off with some Excuse. Usually he found her with several Half-Baked Johnnies, whose Conversation was on the Order of a Colored Supplement. He was Appalled to learn that Daisy regarded them as Funny. Daisy did not care whether a Man had been around the World or only as far as Indianapolis, so long as he could spring Jokes that would make her Giggle.

The Man of the World was in a Fine Box. Like the Fellow in the Song, he could n't tell why he loved her, but he did. He loved her so hard that he looked Wild out of the Eyes and went around with his Hair mussed Up, which was very Amusing to little Daisy, for she could not see him at all except as a Good Thing when she ran short on Violets and Chocolate Creams. His Record as a Traveller did not make him any Stronger with her. The Aplomb that comes from meeting the Rip-

ping Swells on the Continent never Touched her at all. She simply wanted a nice, gabby Boy who could take a Firm Hold and do the Two-Step for Hours at a time.

The Globe-Trotter went Nanny. He followed her in the Street and tried to Scare her into an Acceptance by threatening to Shoot himself. Whenever he broke into the House he wanted to lean against her and Cry. He got to be a Pest and they had to Blacklist him.

On the Day that Daisy married the Low Comedian of the Amateur Dramatic Club the Globe-Trotter tried to jump off of the Railroad Bridge. His Hair turned White in Six Months. At present he lives as a Hermit in the Old Manse, but sometimes he is encountered late at night Gibbering to himself.

MORAL: *Somewhere there is a Daisy waiting with a Battery up her Sleeve.*

The Fable of The Skittish Widower Who Tried to Set Himself Back Some Thirty Years

NCE there was a Self-Made Citizen who manufactured a Patent Churn. He had been married for thirty-four Years and had three Children who were Grown Up and Settled. He had Grubbed along all his Life. In his Youth he never had gone High Rolling because he had been learning a Trade. His Compensation consisted of Board and Clothes and a Yarn Comforter every Christmas. After he got Married it was a Case of planting all the Small Change so as to be there with the Rent Money on the First.

In Time the Churn Maker got the Grape Vine Twist on Adversity and Won Out. He had all kinds of Collateral and they began to be Pleasant to him at the Bank. He could have written his Check for Six Figures, but he never did.

He continued to live in the same Modest Style and his Habits seemed to be Fixed. He never ordered any Hot House Grapes for fear they would spoil his Appetite for Prunes. He used a Bone Collar Button and a Ready-Made Bow Tie that fastened on with an Elastic.

One Day was the same as another to him. He would arise at half-past six and go out to feed the Horse and look at the Thermometer. Then he would have his Fried Steak and two Cups of Martha's Coffee, and start for the Factory to go through the Mail and try to put a Compress on the Pay Roll. The Women along that Street could set their Clocks by

him, for he always came home to Dinner just at ten minutes past twelve. After he had disposed of the Roast Beef and Trimmings and had his Wedge of Pie, he would feed the Horse again and try to estimate how much longer the Coal was going to last. Then back to the Place where the Churns were made. At half-past five he would return for Supper. When they had Company they called it Tea. In the Evening, if there was no Grand Army Camp-fire or Prayer Meeting he would hold down a Rocking Chair in the Sitting Room. He seldom wore a Coat around the House. He had a Pair of Velvet Slippers, worked for him by his Daughter-in-Law, and when he put them on in the Evening he groaned with Satisfaction. He would sit and read Churn Literature until half-past nine, and then he would turn out the Cat, wind the Clock, fix the Damper on the Furnace and connect with

the Feathers. At half-past six next Morning he was up to repeat the Routine.

After thirty-four Years of this, he found himself a Widower. For a Time he moped around by himself. The Blackest Clothes he could get were not half Black enough. Although he still lived at the House, he took his Meals out at a Boarding House conducted by a Lady who had driven her own Carriage at one time, and said so at every Meal.

He missed the Coffee, and the Pie did not taste right. It was still and lonesome in the Sitting Room. One Evening it was so Creepy around the House when he tried to read that he went out for a Walk. As he strolled it occurred to him that it had been Many Moons since he had taken the Night Air with any Regularity. It seemed rather strange to realize that if he wanted to he could stay out as late as the Owl Cars. For the first Time since

his Bereavement he felt the Gloom lifting. He had to acknowledge that the sense of Liberty gave him a new kind of Thrill. His Better Judgment told him that inasmuch as he was his own Boss, and had Nobody to check him up, he might as well Perk up and not overdo the Pining Away. So he kept on Walking until he came to the Temperance Billiard Hall, where he rang in on some Students from the Shorthand College and learned to play Bottle Pool. Once in a while he would give a Quick Start and have an Impulse to get a Move on himself, for the Knowledge that he was as Free as the Air had not thoroughly soaked in on him as yet.

In a few Evenings he overcame this Jumpy Feeling and stopped looking at Clocks. He learned to make Follow Shots and play for Position and leave a hard Set-Up for the next Player. When he had Chalk all over his

Clothes and was banging out Three Cushion Shots to keep from being Stuck, he began to feel like One of the Boys.

He was in the Clover Pasture for the first time, and he could not refrain from Rolling Over and Kicking Up. He got a lot of new Clothes made at a Tailor Shop, and began to smell of Musk and wore a Pair of Yellow Gloves. Then he bought a Trotter and a Piano-Box Buggy with Cushion Tires, and he was seen walking up and down in front of Millinery Stores. He wore these Hot Stripes on his Shirt, and he had a dove-colored Fedora Hat, such as a fly Bartender wears on Sunday.

But he took an overdose of the Elixir of Youth when he had his Hair and Whiskers dyed the color of India Ink. He wanted to make all the Women in Town think he was going on twenty-seven. The Dye began to wear off and the Crop had an Oxidized Ap-

pearance and was Gray around the Roots. He was a Fright, but he did n't think so.

His Children and the other Relatives worried a little, but they did not Discuss the Matter of having a Guardian appointed until the old Gentleman became all snarled up with a portly Amazon named Blanche. Blanche had been very Careless with her Husbands, and she could not tell, without looking over her Books, where she had left all of them. Her name was a Household Word around the Divorce Courts, and she moved every Month because she could not find a Neighborhood that was Refined enough to suit her.

Blanche was a large, creamy Blonde and came of a Swell Family somewhere in the South, but she had forgotten the Name of the Place.

When she tightened the Lasso on the Churn Manufacturer and prepared to give

him the Strong Arm, one of his Relatives sent out a General Alarm. His Daughter and his two Sons, who were naming Children after him and wondering how the Estate was to be divided, got the Family Lawyer, and the whole Posse tried to Split Out the rejuvenated War Horse and the buxom Divorcee.

They told him that she was an Adventuress with a Record that covered five or six States, and that all she wanted was his Roll. He said they must be Mistaken, because Blanche had Explained everything and told him in so many Words that he was the first Man she ever Loved right down to the Ground, and he would be just the same to her if he did n't have a Sou Markee.

Blanche knew that they were trying to sidetrack the Wedding, so when he came to see her again she sat on his Lap and told him he was free to Abandon her if he thought she

was a Mercenary Girl, but the Minute he walked out of that Door, then nothing short of Prussic Acid would do for her. It was the First Time in her life she had known the Happiness of coming into the Life of a Good and Distinguished Man, and if he cast her aside and treated her as a Plaything—well, there would be a Piece in the Paper, that was all.

The Churn Maker might have known that nobody but Sandow could cast aside a Plaything weighing 180, but she had him believing anything when she stroked the Dye. It was a Fierce Line of Talk, but it went with him, for he had been sitting Indoors for thirty-four Years, and what he did not know about the Blanche Type would have filled many a Page. She had him Winging. While he was under the Influence of Knock-Out Drops or something else equally Potent, she spirited

him away in a Hack and had him Married and signing Checks before the Detectives could Locate them.

As soon as she had him Roped and Thrown she had to hurry away to visit an Invalid Cousin in Washington. The Sight Drafts began to cut Scallops into his Bank Account, and the Churn Manufacturer found himself Guessing, although he received a Collect Telegram every Hour of the Day, telling him how she longed to see him again and to meet all Drafts and not believe anything he heard.

Then his Son got hold of him and began to beat it into him that he had been Played.

By the time the Lawyer got a Decree and fixed Blanche with the Hush Money and all the Fees had been settled, the Wallet of the Churn Manufacturer looked as if it had been put through a Wringer. He let his Whiskers

grow out Gray again, and whenever he went out Walking they sent one of the Grandchildren along to take care of him.

MORAL: *The older the easier.*

HEINEMAN BINDERY
BOUND TO
MAR 21 1938
RELEASE